OCTOBER 1986

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $5.50*
$3.95*

PRIZZI'S FAMILY
SPICY PREQUEL TO PRIZZI'S HONOR

HOT VIDEO NIGHTS

KISSING: HOW AUSSIE WOMEN RATE

SURF'S UP
PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO MAKING WAVES

ALIENS STAR
SIGOURNEY WEAVER

IS GRAND PRIX RACING THE NEW BLOOD SPORT?

Felicity
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PLAYBILL

Time to sit back, kick off your shoes and unwind with another issue of Australian PLAYBOY. And while you're dipping into the great reading material we have for you this October, just reflect that magazines are one of the few forms of entertainment that don't come with a warning about illegal copying. It's a problem **P.J. O'Rourke** covers in our beaut *Hot Video Nights* package. The feature also includes lists of movies to drive women crazy, and everything else you need to know about how to have the best date of your life without even going out.

"Do I marry her? Do I ice her?" Those immortal words were spoken by Charley the hit man, the central figure of the blockbuster movie, *Prizzi's Honor*. Author **Richard Condon** brings Charley and his first love Maerose back in a prequel called *Prizzi's Family*. We have an exclusive excerpt from this forthcoming novel for you. And if you remember the fireworks that flew on screen between Jack Nicholson as Charley and Anjelica Huston as Maerose, you'll know you're in for a sizzling read. The illustration is by **Robert Risko.**

While on the subject of sizzling, if you think you can handle the thought of five fabulous females all naked in the same place at the same time, then go fast forward, press the pause button and get acquainted with Felicity, Rebekka, Marianna, Antonia and Ricky. Adelaide's Felicity Collins is our delectable cover girl and Playmate Of The Month and, as you will see, it's not just the Australian Grand Prix setting the South Australia capital alight this October. In the pictorial department, Rebekka Armstrong is a most unusual young lady (if you don't believe us, ask her mum!), sisters Marianna and Antonia offer a double helping of tasty viewing, and our curvaceous Ricky Johnson managed to stay still long enough (she's an exotic dancer, you see) for photographer **Michael Ancher** to shoot some very moving shots.

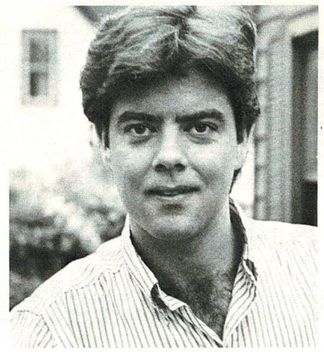
The subject of our Playboy Interview this month is Jim McClelland. Diamond Jim, as he's better known, ranks as one of our most outspoken political figures ever. And when **Alexandra Joel** conducted the interview session with him, she discovered he's still criticising our sacred cows, putting down the Hawke government, and sounding off on a vast range of subjects.

With summer peeping around the corner we decided it was a fine time to bring you **Nick Carroll**'s guide to making waves Down Under. *Surf's Up* is radical, unreal and, well, totally awesome. It'll also tell you everything you ever wanted to know about surfing but were too much of a grommet to ask. Another Australian PLAYBOY contributor, **Anthony O'Grady,** presents *Par For The Course*, a terrific article on how to improve your golf. With the PGA tour hitting off in Australia, O'Grady's advice is sure to help you raise your game. Thanks to **Dave Calver** for the artwork.

Artist **Montxo Algora** has provided some racy diagrams to illustrate *Hit The Brakes!*, **Gary Witzenburg**'s article on how pro drivers bring their hot wheels to a halt. And while we're talking *hot*, that gorgeous actress Sigourney Weaver, star of *Alien, Year Of Living Dangerously* and *Ghostbusters*, features in this month's 20 Questions.

Susan Kurosawa's Women column is all about flirting. It's not just for the birds, she says. And **Robert Treborlang**'s Men column delves into the question of how Aussie women rate kissing. **Bettina Arndt**'s regular Sex column will keep you abreast of what's going down, we mean *on*, around the world. And in the fashion stakes, *Nine To Five*, styled by fashion editor **Vitek** and photographed by **Damien McGrath**, shows what the well-dressed young executive should be wearing this promotion.

When you've finished this issue of Australian PLAYBOY, do remember to rewind. We'll be back next month.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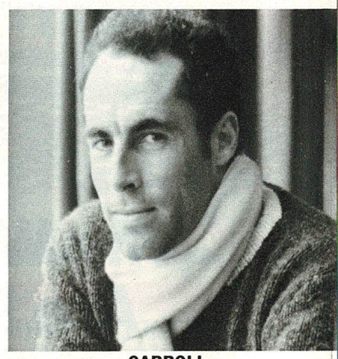
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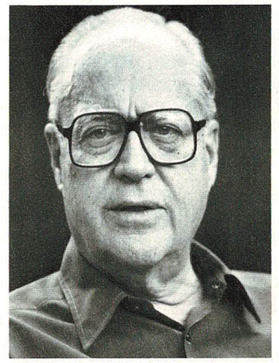
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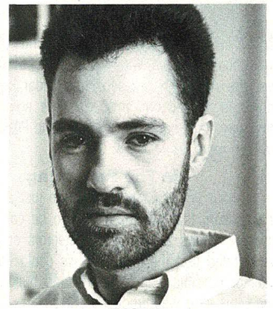
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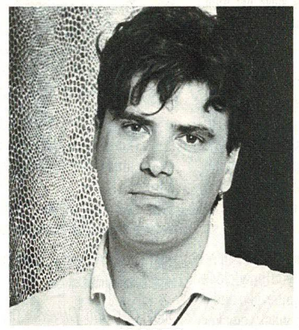
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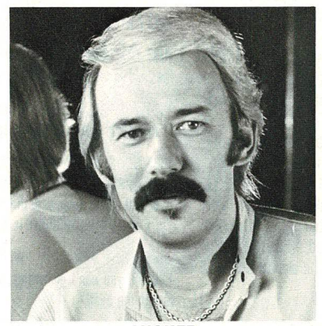
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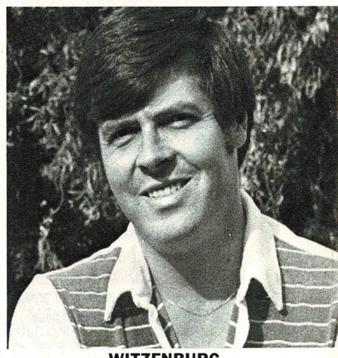
WITZENBURG

The World's Best Radar Detectors Are Now Available In Australia!

If you follow motorsports and auto enthusiast magazines throughout the world, you've probably noticed that whenever the American press reviews radar detectors, one source is singled out time and time again: Cincinnati Microwave, makers of the ESCORT and PASSPORT radar warning receivers.

In The Beginning

About ten years ago, we were just a small group of engineers that also happened to be car enthusiasts. After evaluating all the radar detectors on the market, we decided that the only way we could have the best detector possible was to design and build it ourselves. Two years later, we introduced ESCORT.

Report Card

When *Car and Driver* first tested ESCORT in 1979, they were overwhelmed: **"The ESCORT truly stood out from the rest...In no test did any of the other detectors even come close."**

Our Secret

How did a small company come from nowhere to take such a lead? We had extensive background in military and communications electronics, which allowed us to design the first high performance dual band superheterodyne detector circuitry. But what was equally important was the fact that we were car enthusiasts. The detectors on the market at that time told you that radar was there, but nothing else.

All the Right Moves

We knew that a detector should tell you how close the radar was, so we developed a geiger-counter-like audio alert that pulses slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, and is a constant tone as you approach the radar unit. A volume control lets you set the level for your car.

We realized that the two different bands of radar acted differently, so we used different warning tones for each: "beep" for X band, a more urgent "brap" for K band because you have less time to act.

We also added a meter to indicate signal strength. And realizing that a bright alert lamp is necessary in the daytime but would interfere with night driving, we added a photoelectric sensor that automatically adjusts the alert lamp to suit the lighting conditions in your car, night or day.

Car and Driver noticed. They said, **"Once you try the ESCORT, all the rest seem a bit primitive...In almost every way, this is a brilliantly conceived device."**

Momentum Not Enough

Naturally, we were proud that our efforts were recognized, but we knew that there is only one way to stay on top. And that is to never stop working. While others are proliferating models, we just keep working to make our detectors better. When we find an improvement, it goes straight into production. So our products are always state-of-the-art.

Modern Classic

In the years since its introduction, ESCORT has become the classic instrument of radar detection. Our policy of continuous refinement has maintained its leading-edge performance. In fact, when it comes to finding radar, nothing can replace ESCORT.

But the person on the move, switching between cars or using rentals in distant cities, needs the smallest detector possible. And for these people we developed PASSPORT.

Small Wonder

PASSPORT offers ESCORT performance and features in a miniaturized package, about the size of a cassette tape. This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives by the experts.

Track Record

Our continuous product development has been noted many times over the years, as the following quotes will attest:

1980 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT has become the most coveted high performance road equipment since the turbocharger."**

1981 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT is the best there is, nothing else even comes close."**

1982 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is still the best radar detector money can buy."**

1983 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT simply keeps getting better."**

1983 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance."**

1984 *Rotary Rocket:* **"Countless refinements keep ESCORT at the leading edge of technology."**

1985 *Car and Driver* tests PASSPORT and ESCORT against 12 remote units. The results: **PASSPORT and ESCORT earned over 400 points each, with the next unit receiving only 274 points! "In a word, the PASSPORT is a winner."**

1985 *BMW Roundel:* **"Whether you pick the PASSPORT or ESCORT, you can't go wrong. In this league, made in Cincinnati means the best."**

Rapid Growth

We've grown, but the spirit that started the company remains. We're dedicated to designing and making the world's most advanced radar detectors. In fact, *Car and Driver* said this about us when we introduced PASSPORT: **"Science, as they say, does march on. In this case, it's an aggressive bunch of car enthusiasts and electronic whiz kids in Cincinnati, Ohio, who are calling the cadence, and we'll all have to pick up our feet to keep the pace."** That's probably our favorite quote ever.

New Australian Office

Unlike some other people, we're in this business for the long haul. We're bringing our technology to Australia with detectors designed for Australian drivers. We know that satisfied customers are the best way to assure future sales, so we've set up a full sales and service facility in Sydney. In the U.S., we've got a reputation for fast, efficient service, and we're putting similar systems in place to earn that reputation in Australia.

Our Sydney facility is prepared to serve you in person, or through the mail. Unlike other people that sell radar detectors, we don't sell radios, watches, tyres, or refrigerators. Radar detectors are the only thing we sell. Our staff is trained to answer any questions you may have.

Try at no risk

Take the first 30 days with Escort or Passport as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose. We also back our products with a full one-year limited warranty on parts and labour.

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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY is published 12 times a year by Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 6566. Telex: 72964) on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. The magazine is photoset by APTypographics Pty Ltd, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 7246), printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co (HK) Ltd and distributed by Network Distribution Co, Sydney (Telephone 02 268 0666).

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Annual subscription rates: Australia $42.00; Overseas, $A52.00 (by surface mail).

CREDITS
Playmate Of The Month: racing suit, helmet, gloves and boots by Race And Rally International P/L; tool cabinet by Sidchrome, and tyres and wheels from Bob Jane T-Marts, Edgecliff, NSW.

October 1986 • Cover: Felicity Collins. Photographed by Bob Watson

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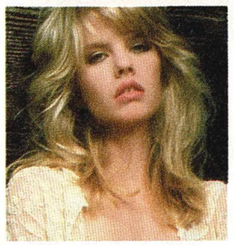
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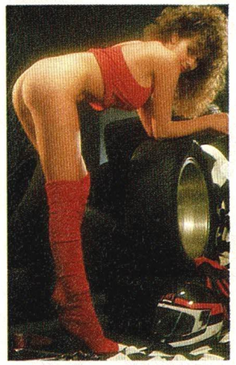
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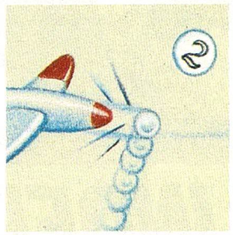
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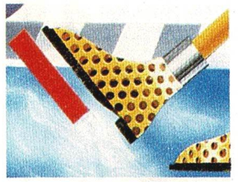

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MORE VEHICLE, MORE VALUE.

Patrol L28 Hardtop with power steering, limited slip rear differential, AM/FM stereo cassette, driver's suspension seat and luxury cloth trim, all standard. Optional wide wheels pack available at extra cost.

6 CYLINDER PATROL WINS.

6 Cylinder Patrol wins over 4 Cylinder Pajero, Bundera, and Jackaroo on power, equipment and price!

You'll be pushing uphill to beat a new Patrol for power and value. Take the petrol engine '86 Patrol Hardtop as an example.

In the standard model, Patrol beats the Pajero SWB and the Jackaroo SWB on list price. In the higher spec GL model, Patrol wins out again over Pajero Sports and LandCruiser's Bundera Deluxe (Jackaroo doesn't have a GL competitor.)

Patrol's story is more than just price. You're getting one heck of a vehicle for your money with Nissan Patrol.

Like every classic vehicle, Patrol has kept on improving in every way. When it comes to heavy duty, off-road sixes, Nissan Patrol has become the yardstick for the competition. Patrol recently won a "4x4 Australia" magazine 4-way comparison with LandCruiser, Land Rover 110, and the Ford Bronco hands down.

That's how far Patrol has come! If it's more vehicle and more value you want, jump into a Patrol.

* Price comparisons correct at June 30 1986.

AA43

NISSAN

COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE
NISSAN KNOW-HOW

DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

AUSSIE WORLDBEATER

Your interview with John Bertrand (February 1986) is one of the best you've ever done. For a long time I've been brainwashed against the America's Cup because it was a "rich man's sport" and, of course, because the US always won it. Then when the series was happening, all we heard about was Ben Lexcen and his blessed winged keel. It seemed that all the unknown helmsman Bertrand had to do was point it in the right direction.

And when we lost early in the series, so many Australians were full of doom and gloom about another American whitewash. What, I still wondered, could this guy possibly have to say that would merit a whole PLAYBOY interview?

But what the hell! Bertrand hit the nail right on the head when he said that every Aussie can remember where they were and who they were with when *Australia II* crossed the line, just as they can with Kennedy's assassination (and Whitlam's dismissal, he might have added). And why? Because you're not just talking about some ordinary yacht race here, but about a cup which had been held by the US since before the American Civil War. It took a heroic effort to take it away from them and the Americans' 3-1 lead is evidence, if any were needed, that *Australia II* was no superboat just because of its winged keel.

As for the charge of rich man's sport, Bondy himself is a self-made millionaire who's had the most incredible ups and downs (a Rolls-Royce with bald tyres yet!), and he deserves full marks for the money and effort he put into it singlehanded and singlemindedly over the years. The plain fact is that the spectacle and the triumph brought joy to the hearts of every Aussie.

Now perhaps Bertrand, the unknown helmsman, can be recognised as the Great Helmsman (move over Chairman Mao!). It took years of training and superb seamanship when the time came, and he deserves more credit than he has so far received. And thank you, A.D.Aird, for showing that that magic moment of victory was the culmination of a fascinating sporting lifetime.

M.D.,
Proserpine, Qld.

WAYS TO ENJOY MANILA

Thank you for Peter Roberts' article, *Asia On $20 A Lay*, in your June issue. It reminded me of my most recent stay in Manila and I'd like to pass on the following tips for single male travellers.

First, avoid cheap hotels where security may be slack. Book a room on a lower floor and ask for a torch (in case of fire). If you choose a hotel from one of the representatives touting at Manila airport you'll probably end up at a whorehouse. Stipulate the rate in advance and expect to pay half the room rate for your female companion. You'll also have to pay for transport to the hotel. Expect your driver to be an unofficial guide but don't make the mistake of confiding in him.

Always tip for room service even if it takes three people to bring back your one piece of laundry. No point in spoiling your holiday for the sake of a few dollars (I suggest A$1 per head as a good tip). Always treat the morning and afternoon shift staff with equal generosity.

Don't dress too well as your wealth will be assessed according to your attire. Don't stroll along back streets and never carry a lot of money on your person. Also, don't leave money in your room; use the hotel safe. Always keep a card from your hotel with the exact address so you can easily find your way back.

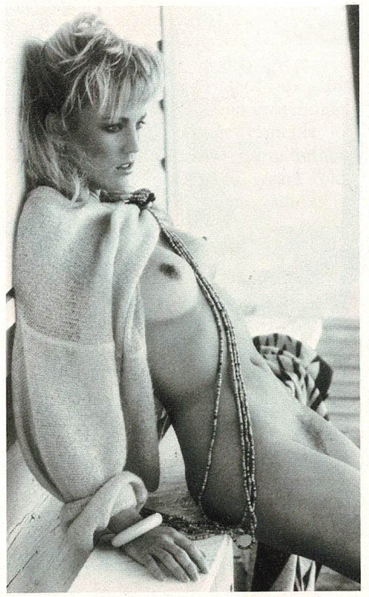
D. Kang,
Bondi, NSW.

LIGHTS, CAMERA, LYNNE!

I'm not going to mess around. I want to see more of Lynne, that amazingly proportioned woman who graced the pages of your August issue in the *Lights, Camera, Austin!* spread.

S. McK.,
Toowoomba, Qld.

We're not going to mess around, either. Here she is — Ed.



PLAYING AROUND

I must agree with Susan Kurosawa's Women column on afterplay in April Australian PLAYBOY. Afterplay is just as important as foreplay and I believe it leads back to more foreplay which leads again to afterplay which leads again. . . well, you get the idea.

I can't think of a more pleasurable way to pass some time!

K. Burton,
Nerang, Qld.

SWEET ART

I really enjoyed the story on Boris Becker in your August issue but what I loved even more was the excellent artwork accompanying the story.

I may be guilty of buying Australian PLAYBOY for the pictures, but I'd like to qualify that by saying some of your terrific illustrations hold my attention just as much as those fabulously sweet women.

So, congratulations to your team of artists whose work regularly appears in the magazine.

Paul F.,
Mentone, Vic.

STUNNING SUSANNA

I've been buying every issue of Australian PLAYBOY since I moved here from South Africa in January this year. I think you guys do a terrific job but I have one word of advice.

You needn't bother to publish any more Playmates for the rest of 1986 because you can't improve upon perfection. Susanna Montag, your devastatingly beautiful Miss April, gets 10 out of 10 in every category. There is no way you could come up with another centrefold as stunning as Susanna. . . could you?

R.G.,
Adelaide, SA.

KATHLEEN'S TURN

I read with interest the Playboy Interview with Kathleen Turner in your June issue. I've seen most of her movies and your interview with her was one of the best I've read.

Thank you, Australian PLAYBOY, for some great insights into a lovely woman.

D. Holdway,
Inala, Qld.

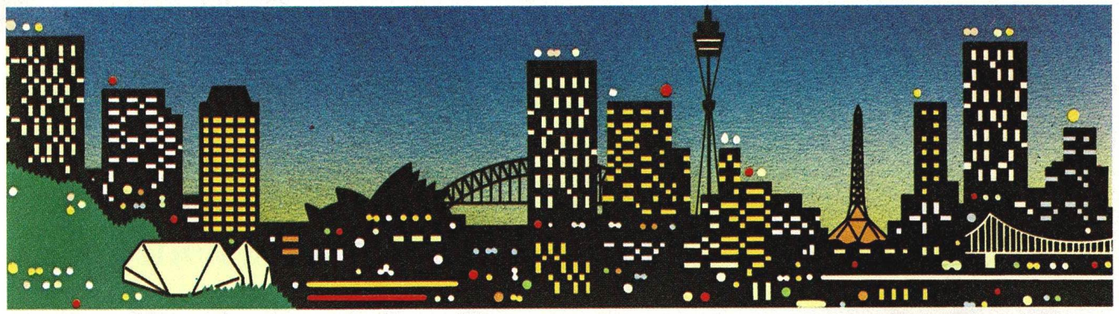
Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

Enjoy the flavour of the world's No.1

WARNING — SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

LEO BURNETT PMLP0605 CC2244/85

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



TELECOM, TAKE NOTE

Last year France experienced an amazing explosion in the use of a government-run computer service called Minitel. Numbers of terminals swelled from 531,000 at the start of 1985 to 1,400,000 by the start of this year while usage rose from 935,000 hours in Jan-Feb 1985 to 3,738,000 hours in Jan-Feb 1986.

However, further investigation revealed that the real growth had taken place in domestic services which had grown from 37 percent to 72 percent during the same period. But the biggest surprise of all came in the nature of the service. It is estimated that 75 percent of the total traffic is generated by messages designated as "convivial" (in which users bare their souls to each other) or "sex" (which should be self explanatory, but does deserve somewhat closer examination).

Apparently those passionate frogs delight in sending their faceless correspondents messages such as "Come and join me in the bathroom," and "I want to know the color of your knickers." But specially supplied services include the Sexoscope (the aim of which is to score your sex-fantasy IQ) and X-tel ("Guaranteed to make you blush") which contains proposals for orgies illustrated with badly drawn but very graphic designs. There is also *le test-icule*, *le spermato*, and *le streap-tease*, a game in which the right answers will remove the clothes, item by item, from an electronic blonde.

The reasons for the astonishing success of Minitel's "sex-business" are thought to be threefold. In the first place, the purveyors of the services have seen it as an area to be exploited when the more strait-laced options failed. Then again, with the tidal wave of pornography available in sex shops and hard-core cassettes, there was a demand for something more erotic and imaginative in other media.

But the main attraction seems to be the sheer anonymity of Minitel, which gives people the opportunity tor "verbal orgies" with five, 10 or 30 people, without the need to come face to face (if you'll pardon the expression) with their partners.

SLOW GETAWAY

A man in a red panel van was arrested at the wheel of his vehicle after its rear suspension collapsed under extreme weight.

A policeman who tried to assist the beleaguered motorist discovered the van was stuffed with thousands of dollars worth of 20 cent pieces the man had stolen from a nearby video arcade.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

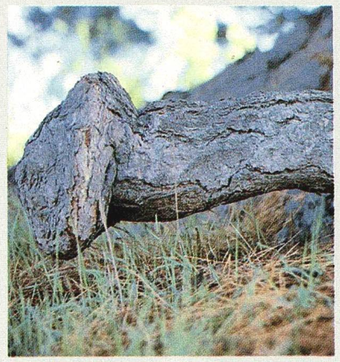
A woman who jumped from the top of a building in Taipei has been indicted for manslaughter. Her suicide attempt failed when she fell on to and killed a food vendor working on the pavement below.

The 21-year-old Taiwanese woman faces up to two years in prison on a charge of negligent manslaughter as she failed to make sure there was no one below her when she jumped.

Before her sentence was passed she told the press she wished she could sue the dead vendor as he had interfered with her freedom to take her own life.

TREE OF MAN

Our spies are everywhere. A Launceston resident sent us this alarming photograph of an upstanding, we mean outstanding, example of Mother Nature's quirky sense of humor. The pine tree is 100 years old. Inspiration for us all, we say.



EXPRESS DELIVERY

A sex pest has been put on probation for 12 months after being arrested for sticking his private parts through the letterbox in the front door of a boarding house.

The house was occupied by dozens of young female students and it's alleged the man stood, er, erect at the door for almost an hour before he was noticed by one of the young women.

She told police the only reason she noticed the special delivery was because the door began to rattle suspiciously on an otherwise calm night.

HOME WRECKER

It could only happen you know where. A Dallas millionaire bought a new home on a spacious site but just before moving in he decided he didn't like it.

The enterprising fellow then sold 10-minute bulldozer rides to anyone who wanted to let off some steam by destroying the house. The rides were quickly sold out and several women offered to pay double the asking price to be allowed to obliterate the kitchen.

SIGNS OF OUR TIME

It wasn't exactly a Regent or a Hilton. The sign affixed to the back of the guestroom door of a small hotel in the wilds of East Malaysia came straight to the point.

"If you require breakfast in the morning," it announced, "open your door and shout BREAKFAST!"

WEIGHTY PROBLEM

The wife was absolutely delighted when her husband bought her a subscription to the local gym and encouraged her to attend Weight Watchers.

Her elation over his concern for her well-being turned to horror when she overheard him talking to his mates. Seems she was so fat that he couldn't ever get rid of her at wife-swapping parties. No one else would take her and he never scored the women he fancied.

The case is being handled by a marriage guidance counsellor in consultation with the local gym instructor.

With over half a million kilometres of sealed roads in Australia, you may have to drive a long way on bitumen to get off the beaten track.

Yet most tyres that are built for the bush can't come to grips with "civilised" roads.

Especially in the wet.

What is needed is an off-road tyre that performs like a passenger tyre on the road. And vice versa.

Bridgestone Desert Dueler gives you the versa without the vices.

As Bushdriver Magazine reported: "We couldn't fault the Bridgestones in rocky or boulder, gravel or sandy conditions. The Bridgestone Steel Radials gripped the rock surfaces with confidence and ease, whilst the sidewalls flexed beautifully.

After hard abuse and punishment, we noticed no fractures, bruising or damage of any sort."

The same advanced steel belted radial construction that makes light work of any heavy going in the bush easily handles the irregularities of the "civilised" road.

The precisely angled dynamic block tread pattern of the Bridgestone Desert Dueler minimises all tread movement, to provide a longer wear life and noticeably reduce road noise on bitumen roads.

And the flexible sidewalls keep the tread flat on the road giving outstanding adhesion and excellent steering stability – even on the wettest of roads.

Bridgestone Desert Dueler: a dual purpose tyre that is not just another compromise.

Rather, a tyre that is totally at ease on or off-road.

BRIDGESTONE

Desert Dueler. Built to survive the outback and the road back.

BOOZE

Whether it's true French bubbly or plain old fizz, champagne by any name is pretty good stuff.

Australians have always been fond of things that go bubble in the night. Our beer has always had more bubbles than anyone else's. And we were also one of the first races in the wine-drinking world to take to what is now known as the "pearl" group of wines.

But apart from the goldrush drunkards in New South Wales, Victoria and then Western Australia, we never had much to do with what can be roughly called "champagne".

I emphasise the term champagne here quite deliberately because the French get more than somewhat Gallic if you use the word. To them, champagne comes from the designated Champagne district of France and no one, but no one, has the right to take it away from the French.

Unfortunately many countries have and Australia wasn't the first. The Spaniards have their own champagne and so do the Italians, who at least have the decency to call it spumante. There are also champagnes from South America and the USA, but who really gives a damn? It is just a white wine with bubbles in it and it can be made from almost any grape variety — even the types that usually go into Christmas puddings.

But, and here is the *big* but, despite the fact that an awful lot of so-called champagne is either fermented or, even worse, carbonated just like our beer, the best bubbles come out of bottles in which the base wine has been allowed to do it by itself. Fans of South Australia's Coopers beer will understand what I mean as Coopers (as far as I am aware) is the only Aussie beer allowed to form its own bubbles in its own bottle.

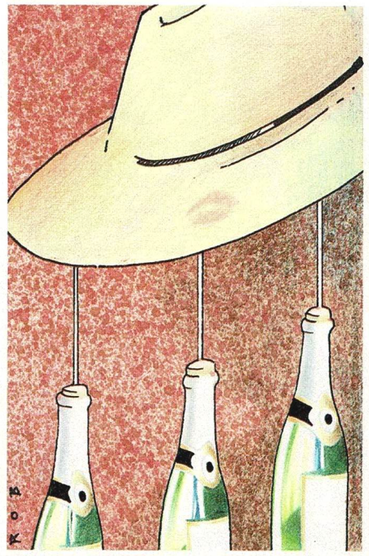
CHAMPAGNE SAVVY

To start, champagne must be properly chilled (if too warm, it will foam alarmingly). Wrap the bottle in a towel and, while grasping it firmly with one hand, use your other hand to unwind and remove the wire cap on the cork. Then tilt the bottle at about 45 degrees (up and away from you, her, and everything else) and, while holding the bottle in the palm of one hand and the cork securely with the other, twist the bottle (*not* the cork) in one direction only. Pull it slowly and with care and the cork will pop out with ease. If you want a big, thundering pop, speed up the process but remember to twist the bottle, not the cork. Wipe the brim of the bottle with the towel and serve in tall flutes by filling each glass one-third full, waiting for the froth to subside, and then filling to two-thirds. Never fill right to the top or serve champagne on ice.

The greatest seller still remains that old, mainly Victorian-produced stalwart, Seppelts Great Western. One can get it *brut*, which means dry to the absolute, or semi sweet, which is still dry-ish. If one wants to talk about it in wine terms, it has a medium bubble which holds up well in a flute glass but which finishes up more or less like cold piss on a plate in those semi-flat champagne containers (said to have been designed after the style of Marie Antionette's breast).

It probably still is the best domestic champagne and, as it is regularly discounted to the tune of $3.99, it is splendid value compared to, say, an imported non-vintage French for around $27.

Now before I get into other champagnes, I'm going to go straight into this hangover business. Champagne taken to excess gives you the worst hangover in the world. The little bubbles that make it look happy actually get the alcohol straight into your stomach lining. Like vodka, it also seems to have the habit of lingering. A glass of water the next day simply rekindles the fire. Who knows, maybe that's why it was originally so popular.



Perhaps like the escort ladies (Lonely? Need a companion? Ring Bouncing Beryl), champagne should be treated in moderation, not to halt the spread of a terminal disease but to prevent something that makes you feel as if your nose is rotting off.

But back to brands. Following hard on the heels of the front runner (the house of Seppelts), comes Penfolds Minchinbury. I've always found it to be on equal footing although perhaps slightly more acid. However, despite whoever owns that company at present, my personal preference always has been for Seaview. I can no longer talk about my liking for Kaiser Stuhl champagne because that once co-op company is now owned by so many other people that it really doesn't matter any more.

A number of companies also put out champagnes under their own names. Well, good luck to them. But I would point out here that Chateau Yaldara in the Barossa Valley is the greatest maker of *bulk* champagne outside California's Napa Valley. Just think about that when you buy a bottle of "Hunter Valley" champagne.

There is no need here to get into the pearl or artificially carbonated wines but if you want to know how to do it yourself, simply buy a good quality cask wine, decant it into a soda siphon bottle (the ones with the cartridges) and then carbonate it. However, don't let your guests see you doing it. Just let them rabbit on about the wonderful bubbly.

In case anyone thinks I am being particularly Colonial snot-nosed, I got that tip from a London chef who was a student of Escoffier (yes, I am that old) and have used the trick for years in an emergency.

In "cutting" champagne, the traditional and very popular champagne cocktail is made by placing a cube of sugar in the bottom of a Marie Antionette glass, soaking it in brandy, adding a dash of fresh orange juice (not packet, you fools!) and then pouring the champagne over all. The drink should not be stirred.

Champagne and apricot or processed pineapple juice isn't half bad either to pick you up in the early morning and goes very well with, say, a light breakfast of poached eggs on toast. Fried eggs and bacon, however, belongs to the Bullshot or Bloody Mary division. The thought of champagne with anything fried makes me slightly nauseous.

Actually champagne by any name is slightly wonderful.

You can bathe in it, cook with it, launch ships with it and even, in the end, drink the blasted stuff.

But your own personal taste preference is the rule.

In this country Great Western is the standard rule of thumb. I see no reason to gainsay this public attitude, especially at the discount price of around $4.

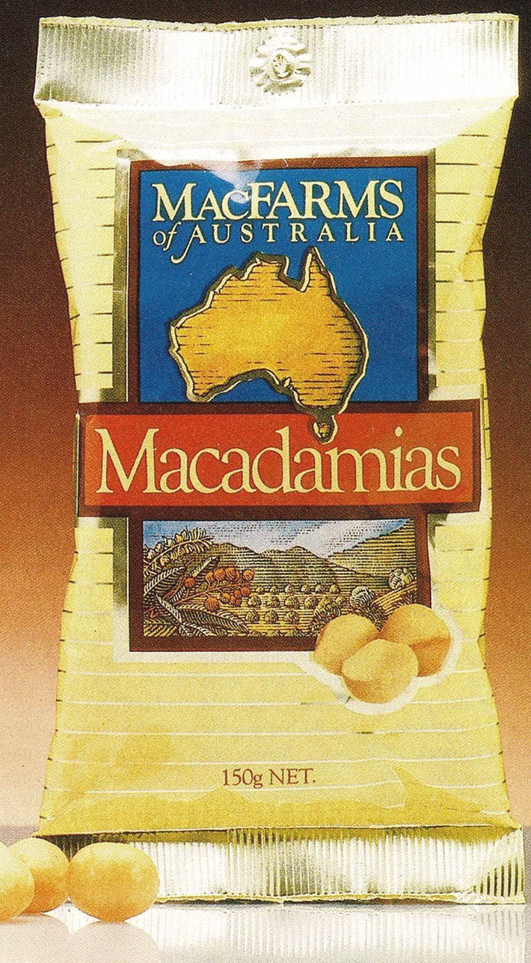
Soda water, imported mineral water and fancy coolers cost almost that much these days, let alone bottle fermented (or perhaps I should say self-carbonated?) grape juice.

— RICHARD BECKETT

ILLUSTRATION BY ROB NORRIS

MACFARMS MACADAMIAS.

ANYTHING ELSE IS JUST PEANUTS.



MM 160/P

MONEY

Too much invested to quit? Or maybe you are simply throwing good money after bad.

Scene 1: You started playing blackjack at 8 pm; it is now past midnight and your companion wants to try out one of the hotel's king-size beds. Unfortunately, you are down $400, the casino is open all night and you want to continue playing until you at least get even. "No," you say, "I'm not stopping now. I have too much invested to quit."

Scene 2: According to the mechanic, your old bomb won't go another kilometre without a complete engine overhaul. Price? Five hundred dollars. Just three months before, you had the transmission done. And four months before that, there was the clutch and the new battery. You hate spending all that money on such an old car, but you have too much invested in the car to walk away from it.

Scene 3: The marriage counsellor has been patiently listening to the couple's gripes: lack of financial support, emotional and sexual incompatibility, no interest in children. "Yes," the counsellor says, "there are clearly problems with your marriage. But let me remind you that you have invested 10 years in this relationship. You would be wasting all of it by breaking up now."

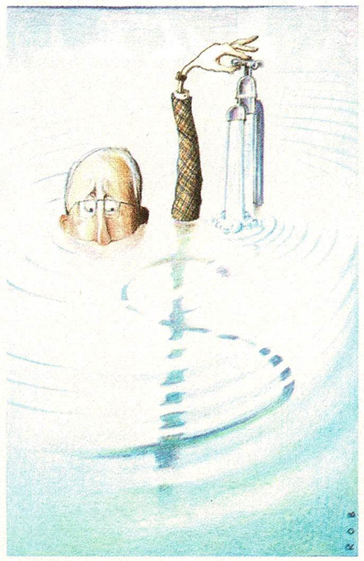
The gambler, the car owner and the marriage counsellor are obviously faced with different decisions. Yet all three share an important psychological trait: they are allowing previous investments to influence future ones. More important, from the point of view of classical economics, all three are behaving quite irrationally. They are making decisions on the basis of *sunk costs*.

A cost that has been irrevocably incurred at some time in the past is a sunk cost. Such costs are irrelevant to future decisions because they cannot be changed, no matter what course of action is chosen. According to traditional economic theory, the gambler should base his decision to continue playing blackjack not on the money he has already lost but on the currently available alternatives. If the enjoyment and potential profits of playing blackjack hold greater value for him than the lure of his companion in the hotel's king-size bed, he should continue playing. On the other hand, if the attractions of the bedroom are more desirable than playing blackjack, he should quit. In either case, his $400 has already been lost and, therefore, should not influence his decision.

Similarly, the decision to repair an old car — or a new one for that matter — should be based on the benefits likely to be derived from the expenditure (transport) and the available alternatives (buying another car, for example). Money previously spent on repairs is irrelevant.

If we allow the term "cost" to refer to time and effort as well as money, then the marriage counsellor's advice can also be seen to rely on irrelevant sunk costs. The decision to separate should be based on the future viability of the current relationship. The amount of time already committed to a marriage should not affect the decision to separate.

To repeat, classic economic theory holds that allowing sunk costs to influence future decisions is irrational. But who among us is rational enough to ignore them? At one time or another, every one of us has felt compelled to continue a course of action because we have "too much invested to quit". Have you ever sat all the way through a lousy film for no other reason than you had already purchased a non-refundable ticket? What about continuing to wait for a late bus instead of taking a taxi because you have already waited so long?



Sunk costs also affect more important decisions. Many people stick with a job they hate simply because so much time and effort was invested getting it in the first place. Sunk cost considerations can affect matters of life and death. During the Vietnam war, a frequent reason given for continuing hostilities was that anything short of total victory would mean the "waste" of those lives already lost.

Sunk costs produce a strong motivational effect on behavior even when people are unaware of their influence. American psychologist Hal Arkes demonstrated the motivating effect of sunk costs by examining the behavior of people who had bought season tickets to a series of 10 plays. Some subscribers paid normal price for their tickets while others were given steep discounts. He found that those who paid full price (those with the larger sunk cost) were more likely to attend all of the plays than those who received the discount.

In another demonstration of the sunk cost effect, Arkes asked people to imagine themselves president of an aeroplane manufacturing company currently developing a plane undetectable by conventional radar. The project has been budgeted for 10 million dollars. When it is about 90 percent complete, a competing company introduces a radar-blank plane which is also faster and more economical than the one under development. Should the project be completed? Eighty-five per cent of respondents replied yes, they would invest the remaining 10 percent. Interestingly, when Arkes changed the situation so that the project was being contemplated but no investment had yet been made when the competitor's aeroplane was released, the same proportion of respondents advised *against* proceeding. In both cases, there is no economic reason for going ahead but in the first case there was a psychological one — sunk cost.

There are people who learn to ignore sunk costs. Even the most successful race-course punters have their big losses. What makes them successful, and sets them apart from the average mug punter, is that they don't try to make up their loss on the next race. They accept losses as part of the game and hope to balance them with even larger gains.

Futures market speculators must learn a similar lesson if they want to survive. It is futile to fight against the market. If an investment goes bad, it must simply be abandoned.

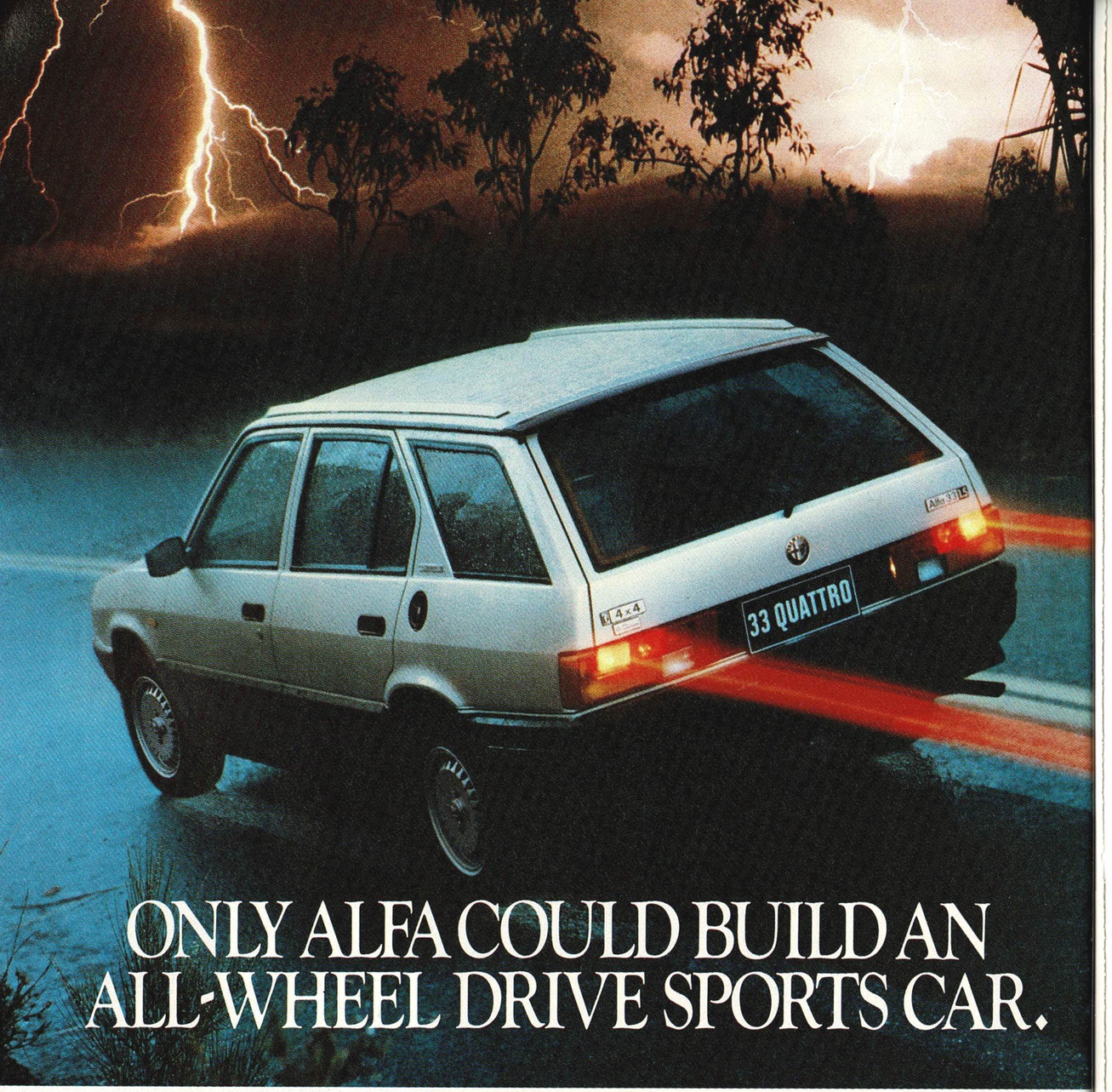
"Cut your losses and let your profits run" is common — and excellent — futures market advice. Actually, any investor is well advised not to "throw good money after bad" because the plain fact is that an investment gone wrong is past history and irrelevant to future decisions. (Similar advice has been given to gamblers but is frequently unheeded.)

Perhaps the best advice to those who wish to avoid becoming victims of the "sunk cost effect" was given by the late, great movie star, W.C. Fields, who said: *If at first you don't succeed, try, and try again. Then quit. There's no use making a fool of yourself.*

— SETH GREGORY

ILLUSTRATION BY ROB NORRIS

SEAVIEW CHAMPAGNE
Authentic Méthode Champenoise.
Brut Champagne
SEAVIEW
All champagne should be this good.
APB 1455-A PEN 5015



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And the Alfa 33 Quattro's outstanding levels of performance are matched by a host of standard luxury features — front electric windows, central locking, an AM/FM digital stereo radio/cassette, front fog lights, twin interior controlled side mirrors, headlight washer/wipers, rear window washer/wiper and specially designed longitudinal roof railings for ski and roof racks.

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And, of course, the Alfa 33 Quattro Wagon is protected by Alfa Romeo's exclusive Alfa Plus Protection Plan, a full 12 month unlimited kilometre warranty and 6 year anti-corrosion protection.

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The Style. The Power. The Legend.

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WOMEN

Flirting is a natural side-effect of feeling buoyantly alive. Just ask any woman.

It's not a question of whether or not to flirt. It's more a matter of how and when. And it's also a question of overcoming the traditional view that flirting is a female domain. It's not, you know. To be a successful flirt, you don't have to be a voluptuous vamp or a simpering coquette. You can be as butch as a rodeo rider and still have a go.

Flirting is not all about fluttering eyelashes, swivelling hips and pouting lips. It's to do with attracting attention, making sure the object of your flirting knows you're dizzy with desire and, with a skerrick of luck, turning that titillating encounter into a satisfying conquest.

There's not a woman alive who doesn't appreciate a spot of flirting. That goes for married women, too. Maybe she won't order, but at least she can look at the menu. Flirting, you see, doesn't necessarily lead to seduction. It's tasting a morsel without scoffing the whole meal.

So why bother? Well, why practise anything? The art of winning women requires as much groundwork and warming up as any sporting grand final or high-powered business negotiation.

You are dealing with fickle, enigmatic creatures here and you'll get nowhere if you don't play by the rules.

The rules, by the way, have been invented and finely tuned by women because we know a whole lot more about flirting than you do.

In the interests of fair play, however, I'm going to let you in on a few. Or at least I'm going to advise you what *not* to do. I know I'm a woman but I'm on your side. Just be sure not to tell the sisterhood.

1. *Do not waste time.* If she doesn't join in the flirting fandango, find another partner. "Your eyes are the color of. . ." you whisper. "Horse shit?" she snaps. Move on, mate.

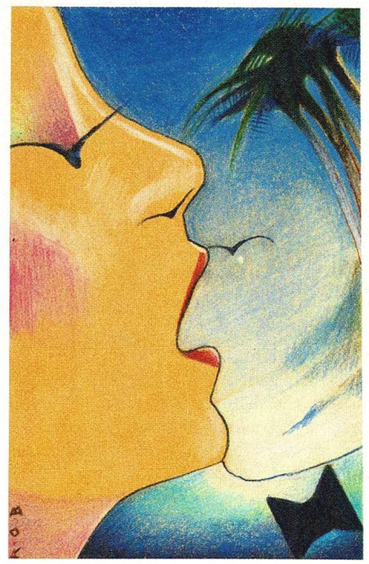
GREAT SCREEN FLIRTS

Mickey Rourke in *9½ Weeks* (and everything else)
Tom Conti in *Reuben, Reuben* and *The Norman Conquests*
Jack Nicholson in *Terms Of Endearment*
Harrison Ford in *Star Wars*
Michael Caine in *Alfie*
Dudley Moore in *Arthur*
William Hurt in *Body Heat*
John Travolta in *Perfect*
Bryan Brown in *Far East*
Clark Gable in *Gone With The Wind*
Number Five in *Short Circuit*

2. *Do not be a wimp.* Women may marry men who polish the silver and stir-fry the snow peas but they flirt with fellas who wouldn't know one end of a vacuum cleaner from the other.

Females who are ripe for a full-bodied flirtation do not want to discuss babies, pets or the cost of linoleum squares. You did not wear your best tie to trade pasta recipes. She didn't douse herself with Dior perfume to discuss which nappy-washing service she uses. Stick to fluffy subjects of conversation. Caribbean cruises, sunsets and your holiday house on the Isle of Capri are three good bets.

3. *Do not be too subtle.* A successful flirtation may last for only a matter of minutes so no time should be wasted. Make sure your handshake lasts a little too long, your stare is a mite too direct. Look at her with such fabulous force that she'll know in a second you're twisted with longing for her hair, her eyes, her hips, her ankles, her freshly lacquered toenails.



4. *Do not be too unsubtle.* You will have gone too far if you snap her bra strap or take a tormented lick of her neck. The essence of successful flirting lies in the promise, not the delivery.

5. *Do not ask too many questions.* Her senses will not be stirred if you inquire about her marital status, career prospects, bank balance or mental health. Here's a sample of the sort of question that every would-be femme fatale longs to hear.

"Do you have your passport in your handbag?" you breathe. "A woman like you should be swept off to a secluded island and ravished under the swaying palms."

6. *Do not be too prepared.* Do not approach a potential flirting session with an armory of sure-fire opening lines. A pat phrase is merely a conversational crutch. Flirting should be all about improvisation. Anything that isn't spontaneously created for the woman standing in front of you is bound to come across as suspiciously rehearsed.

7. *Do not fidget.* Each flirtatious encounter should be short and self-contained. Give this woman your whole attention. Do not peer over her shoulder to check out the redhead in the corner. Do not twirl your tie, fiddle with your belt buckle or torture your beer coaster into an origami frog. Direct eye contact is devastatingly important. You must make her feel like the most irresistible woman on earth, even if the illusion lasts a mere minute.

8. *Do not flirt too often.* If you arrive at a party and begin a rollercoaster flirting fest that starts with the blonde who took your coat and climaxes with the brunette washing up in the kitchen, you'll end up with a reputation as a desperate Don Juan. Be selective. Treat each encounter as a light-hearted challenge.

And don't think that flirting has to be confined to such structured social occasions as parties. Try it at airports, supermarkets and petrol stations. I still go weak at the knees at the sight of a petrol pump just because a truck driver with wonderful thighs, I mean eyes, once drank in my best French perfume and insisted on filling me up as he complimented me on my new rustproofing.

9. *Do not be serious.* The keynote to every successful flirting session must be fun. Dictionary definitions of flirting run as follows: "to court triflingly", "to act amorously without serious intention" and "to play at love". Flirting rarely, if ever, ends with marriage, mortgages and microwaves.

10. *Do not have great expectations.* So where does all this sweet-talking get you? Probably nowhere. Flirting must never be regarded as a prelude to sex. It's a way of saying you're buoyantly alive and you've noticed someone else is, too. No one ever got herpes or heartache from a bout of good old-fashioned flirting. It's spice without sting.

And even if you never see the woman again, you'll be warmly remembered as an attentive, civilised male. And when it comes to genuine praise from a woman, you can't set your sights much higher.

And now, if you'll excuse me, I'm off to a party tonight and I must make sure my passport's up to date.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

ILLUSTRATION BY ROB NORRIS

MEN

Aussie sheilas reckon if they let us kiss them, we may as well go all the way.

Four people sitting around in a beer-garden. Two couples. The men are drinking beer. There's a stack of empties in front of them. They're laughing at something. The women sip vodka and orange. Suddenly one of the men lurches forward and kisses his girlfriend.

"Get away, Larry!" she says.

"Kiss me back," he orders her.

"No way."

"Come on."

"Of course not. I'm not in the mood."

Of course she isn't. Doesn't he realise that Australian women are very serious about kissing? Doesn't Larry know that it is by no means something done lightly or carelessly?

A hooker around the corner. Tits hanging out, painted fingernails half an inch long. She's mesmerising her prey, a decently enough dressed gent, luring him with all kinds of dirty talk.

"Do you want a girl, love? You look as if you could do with it. What are you into? S&M? FM? IBM? Doesn't matter — I do everything."

Upstairs, drawn curtains, shaded lights. Very atmospheric. After a stormy sexual encounter, he pulls out, bends forward and presses his lips against hers. She's furious.

"Hey, you! Cut that out!"

"But I thought you did everything."

"Not stuff like that."

Of course not.

It's all very well for European or South American women to tease their men with "innocent" pecks, to kiss, on the slightest pretext, men on whom they have absolutely no designs. Australian women, being upright and honorable, will kiss for one purpose and one purpose only.

"Give us a kiss."

"Not yet."

"Why not?"

"I'm not ready."

Kissing is the complex ritual of an otherwise straightforward and simple operation. Australian women are meticulous about it and have made it a cornerstone of sex.

In Europe, when a man gets to kiss a woman, he performs the act in a passionate though not overly optimistic manner. European females, as a rule, kiss purely for pleasure, often using it to get out of a deeper sexual commitment. Australian women, by contrast, kiss to let you know that they're ready — to fuck. Like now:

"Mmmmmm. That was nice."

"Yeah."

"Again."

"Wait till I take my pants off."

After all, if you are actually going to let someone invade your personal space, you might as well go all the way.

Having kissed an Australian woman, you will encounter several evergreen techniques she'll feel obliged to practise on you.

First there's the *doesn't matter* approach. After you have kissed her, she will stare into thin air with a vague expression. It is immensely satisfying for her to see you squirm as you try to find out what you've done wrong.

"You look upset."

"No, I don't."

"What did I do?"

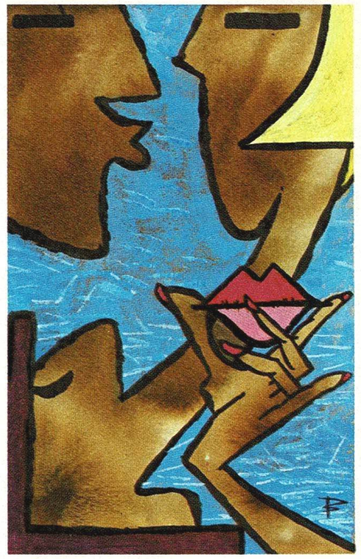
"Forget it."

"I want to know."

"It doesn't matter."

This dialogue will be kept up until you reach breaking point or she just gets bored.

Then there's the *someone said* routine. If there is the occasional impassioned moment, she'll never wait for it to peter out of its own accord. She'll speak so quietly and with such good timing that the atmosphere will be instantly charged with guilt.



"Someone said they saw you the other day."

"Where?"

"They wouldn't say."

"Who was it?"

"I'd rather not tell you."

"Why not?"

"You wouldn't like it."

This is especially entertaining when she's made up the whole thing.

Many overseas men, after making initial contact with Australian girls and after kissing them quite passionately, think nothing more of it. On the following occasion, wishing to pick up where they left off, the men are shocked to find that the ladies have no interest in them whatsoever!

"What's wrong?"

"I thought you were gay."

"Not at all."

"Couldn't you get it up last time?"

"Er — ?"

"What's wrong with me?"

"I thought you were lovely."

"You sure had an odd way of showing it."

Odd? Downright insulting.

The idea of breaking down a girl's defences without the intention of screwing her! It may be acceptable in Paris or Berlin: there one can always see couples smooching, kissing madly, pecking away at each other, then saying goodbye. In Australia that kind of behavior just won't do.

If you have any doubts, study the locally made movies. No passionate displays of affection for the Australian public. No lingering kisses from Australia's stars. No equivalents of Garbo, Taylor or Bogart, pressing, pressing, pressing lips for the sheer joy of it. And if the script *does* call for a smooch or two, then it has the good taste to lead directly to an argument, a brush with police, complete marital breakdown or guilt over the unfair treatment of Aborigines.

In fact, it's hard to think of any great Australian kissers at all. That is why, instead of great love scenes, the stars just sort of put their heads on each other's shoulder, as a consolation, in the manner of couples who've just survived a natural disaster.

"That was close."

"Sure was."

"Maybe next time."

"Yeah. Who knows?"

The Jack Thompsons and Bryan Browns of Australia know to hold back to the last moment and not to waste their kisses on hellos or goodbyes. They know only too well that kissing must be reserved for the following occasions:

a) as an indication of readiness for immediate sexual penetration;

b) as a signal that the sexual congress is over.

A successful romantic evening in Australia consists of not kissing on meeting, absolutely not touching during dinner, major physical reticence on the way home, total abstinence while sitting around before the TV set, not even a hint of physical closeness while you're having that last nightcap. Then, just as you are about to say goodbye and she is wondering whether perhaps you're not a bit funny, one all-exploding kiss must come as a complete and instantaneous outpouring of sexual tension.

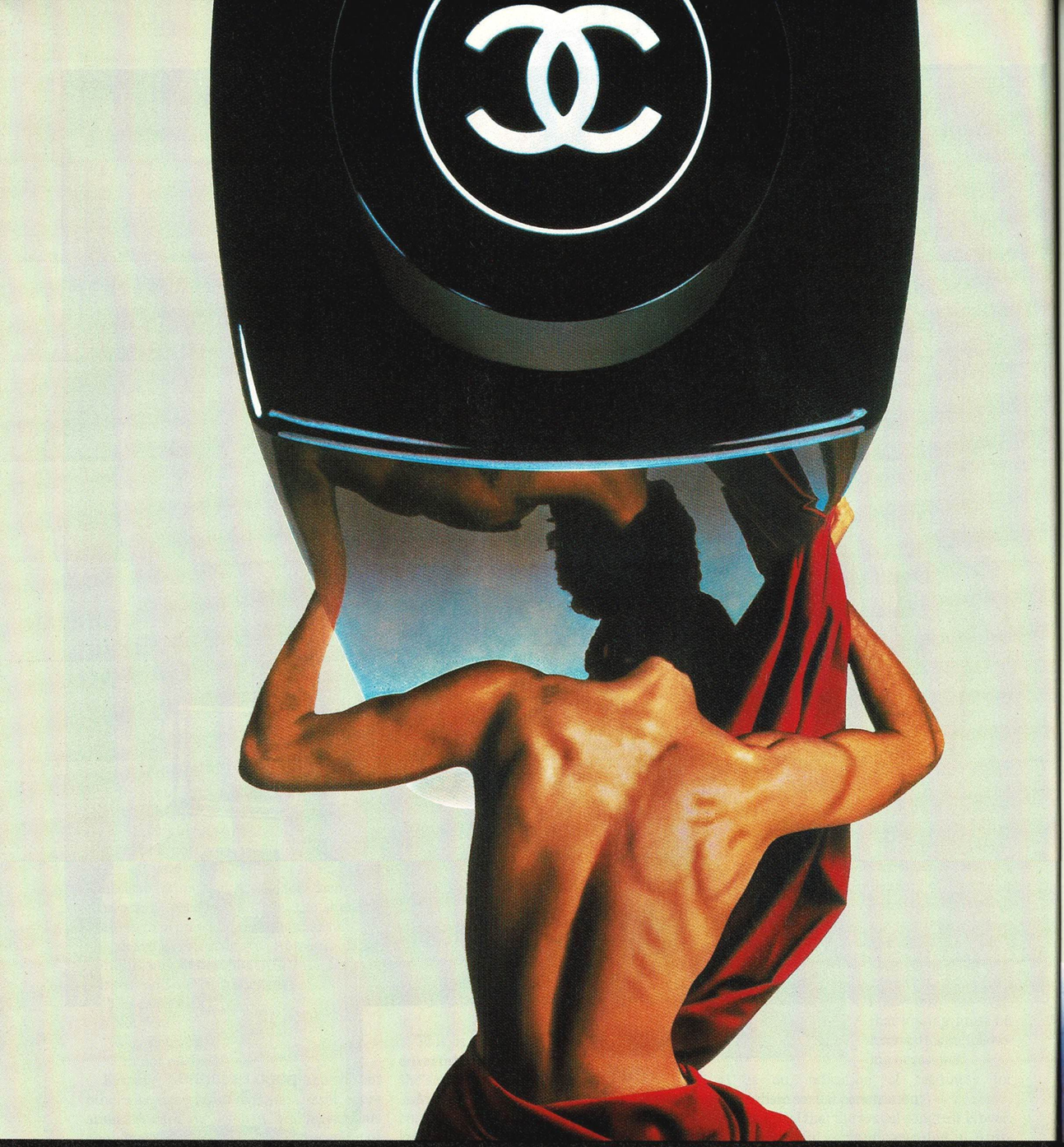
Your reticent Australian lady love is now ready.

— ROBERT TREBORLANG

ILLUSTRATION BY ALFRED BORG

CERTAIN NIGHTS EXCITE THE DAWN.
PACO RABANNE POUR HOMME

paco rabanne
PARIS



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CHANEL

THE RANGE FOR MEN

CHA325/84

SPORT

Move over, gladiators and chariot racers, Grand Prix drivers are the new kings of blood sport.

Do you remember the chariot race scene from *Ben-Hur*? Now *that's* what I call a sport, with blokes struggling not just to win, but to stay alive. Alas, blood sports seem to have just about bled to death in this soft-toy world.

Look at what they call "wrestling" these days: a collection of queens, rednecks, and retards never come within *feet* of hurting each other, probably after training by threatening the kids at home. Our once glorious game of cricket is now peopled by effeminate gridiron lookalikes in multi-colored pyjamas.

It is now centuries since they killed off gladiatorial combat, throwing Christians to the lions, and chariot racing.

However, the latter did spawn two offspring.

The first was trotting, an abysmal sport in which the horses are never let out of third gear, while wealth is cleverly redistributed from the punters into the pockets of the owners and bookies.

The second offspring was motor racing. Ah! Now here was a worthy successor: cars somersaulting through the air, while bits of the driver littered the track. Something you could get your teeth into. Here were obvious madmen, such as Clark and Villeneuve, whose peculiar malady included lightning reflexes, defying death and each other in the lurid scramble for the chequered flag.

And then the hallowed blood of Formula One gladiators stopped spilling, because the bloody cars became safer than Volvos. Oh, well, yeah, their turbos do catch fire, and their brakes do fail at 300ks. Remember Lauda last year in Adelaide, hitting the lead, then hitting the concrete wall? If my brakes failed at 300ks, I'd panic, cry, and bend over and kiss my arse goodbye.

Not Lauda. He simply guided the car over the kerb, and slid it along the wall to slow it down.

Now how are the masses going to have their blood-lust sated if the buggers all drive so well? Your average spectator doesn't get too thrilled about watching brilliant driving. He wants either blood or neck-and-neck racing.

He wants missed corners and smashed safety fences, broken bones and crumpled chassis.

For the rest of us, the biggest risk we run is trying to carry five middies at once from the bar to the pub telly. However, if blood is drawn, one half of Joe Average will wrinkle his brow and mutter, "Tsk, tsk, tsk," while the other half giggles inwardly in morbid delight.

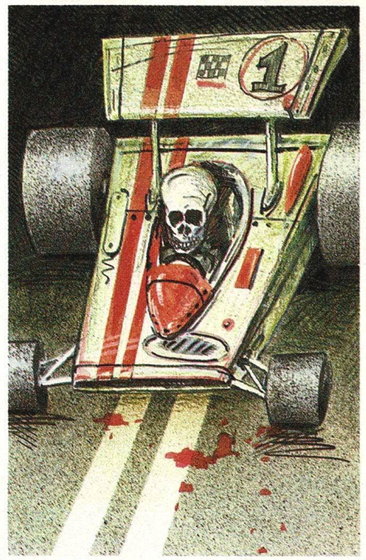
It's the same cross of human emotions that has made public executions the biggest box-office legend from the time Eve began biting apples.

Despite the lack of blood, there are a lot of people who are head over heels in love with these over-sized slot-cars, and even more so with the drivers. Jackie Stewart once described "oversteer" as having a loose rear-end. That must be the part of a racing driver that the sun shines out of, which *everyone* wants to bask in.

The groupies in Adelaide last year included Paul Newman, Clint Eastwood and George Harrison.

And, of course, Bob Hawke made a bid for a slice of the glory, but had to duck for cover when the winning triumvirate began spraying the bubbly.

For the drivers, the champers ritual is a chance to get their own back on the press and the hangers-on. I suppose they deserve it after the sweat (2 kilos weight loss), and the blood (ripped right hands from 3000 gear changes).



The ladies may or may not recognise some obscure body language in the spurting magnums of Moet.

There's got to be something in it. Grand Prix racing has become *the* most popular spectator sport in the world. Sixteen times a year, around 600 million fanatics are glued to their televisions, with the sound wound up, like it's a rock'n'roll show.

Ah, maybe the noise does have an appeal, if your idea of aural beauty is a whining, abrasive, 150 decibel roar. Such people do exist: they turn up in droves to Motorhead gigs.

Perhaps it is also a celebration of *excess* in an energy stingy world. Inside two hours, these cars drink 200 litres of their specially brewed rocket fuel. In a single Grand Prix weekend, each car might eat through a dozen sets of tyres at a thousand bucks a throw.

Engines cost a whopping 100 grand apiece, and any team might go through three in a weekend.

Let's face it, these cars are million-dollar lemons, which no reputable dealer would touch.

But then again, many people are more interested in the drivers than the cars. That is, they are connoisseurs of the crash helmet, which is all you ever get to see of these particular gods (unless you are lucky enough to catch a glimpse of them clambering into their Lear Jets or leaping aboard a helicopter).

But there is a good side to it, folks. Yes, the 24-hour pub licences. The wonderful effect of alcohol pacified the entire population of Adelaide into thinking the event was a great idea, helped perhaps by Jackie Stewart getting sentimental on TV last year about past glories of motor racing. He told the audience that in the primitive '60s any unfortunate crash victim was treated in a dentist's chair by a gynaecologist. Nasty.

Of course, these days you can practically drive yourself, courtesy of remote cameras on the cars. Remember in Adelaide last year, you could watch Patrick Tambay whip around the track in the camera-loaded Renault, culminating in his 200 km/h spin-out.

A Channel Nine type asked him what it was like having someone looking over his shoulder while driving.

"What do you mean, some*one*?" exclaimed the affable Tambay, sounding like Peter Sellers doing Inspector Clouseau.

"There are 650 million people watching over my shoulder.

"Eef I make a boo-boo, they all know about eet!"

That's Grand Prix for you. Now there's no mystery left, and it's time for no-longer-virginal Adelaide to spread her elegant legs again.

Yep, before you can say "grand pricks" properly, the whole show will storm back into town.

No, it's not even a shadow of chariot racing.

But even if the bodies are a bit thin on the ground, it's still the closest thing to a blood sport that we've got.

— JOHN SHAND

ILLUSTRATION BY NEIL MOORE

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SHOWBIZ

A new Beatles musical, a sexy French movie and another rude Aussie comic.

LENNON LIVES!: *Lennon, The Musical Of The Legend* will open in Sydney on October 9 (Lennon's birthday), and will then tour all other states. Nine performers (seven male and two female, all recruited locally at audition) will trace the ex-Beatle's life from his early teens to his tragic murder in December 1980. All in all they will play over 40 different roles —from the **Beatles** themselves to **Yoko Ono, Brian Epstein** and **Harry Nilsson**. . . and more than one actor will play each role throughout the production (Lennon himself is played by two different performers). Sounds as confusing as *Revolution No. 9!*

•

COMIC RELIEF: In the grand tradition of Band Aid, Live Aid and Sport Aid, WEA has now released Comic Relief which, in the words of *The Young Ones'* **Rik**, comes "utterly, utterly live" from three performances at London's Shaftesbury Theatre. Best bits are **Billy Connolly**'s *A Dangerous Place*, which is actually about his latest visit to Oz; a new version of *Living Doll* by **Cliff Richard** and **The Young Ones**; and a hilarious dialogue between **Dawn French** and **Jennifer Saunders** called *Friendly Advice*, which is all about "doing it"! Eighty percent of the money raised will go to the Sudan and Ethiopia.

Rival armies fight to the death in Ran.

FILM FEST WINNERS: The surprise hit of last year's Sydney and Melbourne film festivals was *Les Ripoux (My New Partner)*, a French comedy about corrupt policemen which had already been an enormous box-office success on its native soil. With some misgivings, Greater Union bought it for distribution in Australia, where to everyone's surprise and delight it became one of the longest running hits of 1986. Greater Union is obviously hoping to repeat the formula with *Evening Dress* which, while it wasn't such a big success at the film festivals, has smashed box-office records in France and seems guaranteed to appeal here on the strength of its risque plot, if nothing else. Imagine, if you can, big, beefy, macho **Gerard Depardieu** as a gay burglar, picking up a down-and-out couple to share in his housebreaking escapades, and falling in love with the wimpy husband. After sexual permutations too numerous and complicated to recount, the trio end up working the streets as prostitutes, with the two men dressed in drag, which all makes *La Cage Aux Folles* seem pretty pallid. Other festival films which seem likely to make their mark are *My American Cousin*, a Canadian film about growing up in the '50s which has already taken the US by storm, and *Kangaroo*, **Tim Burstall**'s version of the **D.H. Lawrence** novel about a secret fascist army in Australia between the wars, with **Colin Friels** taking the Lawrence role and real-life spouse, the outspoken **Judy Davis,** playing Lawrence's fiery German wife.

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies by graham barry

About Last Night Hilarious proof that men are deadshits. Stars Rob Lowe but Jim Belushi and Elizabeth Perkins have the best lines. ¥¥¥¥

After Hours A nightmare trip downtown with no return guaranteed, from Martin Scorsese. ¥¥¥

American Flyers Cycle race provides thrills galore. Pity about trite brotherly love theme. ¥¥

Big Trouble In Little China A dud from Kurt Russell and John Carpenter?! Alas, kung fu is no substitute for plot. ¥

Malcolm A rare beast, a *funny* Aussie comedy, in which not-so-retarded Colin Friels turns master thief. ¥¥¥

8 Million Ways To Die Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette as the ex-cop and the call girl in edge-of-the-seat thriller. ¥¥¥

Poltergeist II Tired sequel made to cash in on an equally uninspiring original. ¥

Ran Japanese version of King Lear turns into magnificent spectacle as rival armies fight for the crown. ¥¥¥

Salvador US journalist tells it like it is, with no apologies to Ronald Reagan. ¥¥¥¥

Short Circuit ET returns as US Army robot that does John Travolta imitations. Alas, all a bit stale. ¥¥

The Color Purple Spielberg shifts gear to show man's inhumanity to woman. Too long and too pretty. ¥¥

The Trip To Bountiful Oscar-winning tour de force by Geraldine Page as old lady trying to escape the present. ¥¥¥

Top Gun Appalling Cold War-type heroics from abominable Tom Cruise relieved by great aerial sequences. ¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

Rosanna Arquette, a prostitute afraid for her life in 8 Million Ways To Die.

REELING AND ROCKING: *Playing For Keeps*, a rags to riches youth movie, has a score by the likes of **Phil Collins, Pete Townshend** and **Julian Lennon**. . .We hear that **Keith Richards** showed up to play back-up with **Chuck Berry** one night because he's negotiating with director **Taylor Hackford** to be musical director on Hackford's upcoming film bio of Chuck. . . **Michael Nesmith,** the only **Monkee** not participating in the reunion tour, has formed a film company which will produce five movies a year. First up will be *Square Dance* with **Rob Lowe** and **Jason Robards**. Nesmith produced cult hit *Repo Man*. . .

•

NEWSBREAKS: **Mary Wilson**'s book on **The Supremes** is finished. Watch for sparks from the others and, coincidentally, Mary's resumed performing career. . . A TV spectacular featuring top Hollywood and British directors is being planned for the 20th anniversary of the Beatles' *Sergeant Pepper* next year. **Steven Spielberg, Robert Altman, Ken Russell, Nicholas Roeg, Julian Temple** and others have been approached with the idea that each would work on one of the album's 13-tracks.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JIM McCLELLAND

A candid conversation with Australia's most outspoken public figure about political cynicism, the qualities of leadership, and the shortcomings of Labor in office.

"Diamond Jim" McClelland has been a prominent solicitor, Labor senator, minister in the Whitlam government, chief judge of the NSW Land and Environment Court and head of the Royal Commission into British Nuclear Tests in Australia. Currently, he is also an especially nagging thorn in the Labor Party's side.

Though no longer holding public office, he has not relinquished the public stage. McClelland has become well known in recent months for frequent, biting attacks on the government, often expressed in his regular newspaper column. His disillusionment with the party and a number of his former political colleagues (most notably ex-NSW Premier Neville Wran) has been expressed in the strongest terms, causing the alienation of many an old mate.

Nevertheless McClelland, at 71, obviously thrives on the controversy. He looks a vigorous 60-year-old: a handsome, silver-haired man, as familiar for the elegant cut of his suits as for his rapier-sharp turn of phrase. Few in the political sphere today have come away from an encounter with him feeling that they have maintained the upper hand.

For this interview ***Alexandra Joel****, who worked for a United States congressman in Washington before returning to Australia, interviewed Jim McClelland at his old Sydney law firm.*

He was using what he refers to as his "city office", but the sparse nature of its furnishings and generally unlived-in appearance indicated how little time he now spends there. Perhaps his views are a shade too radical to sit happily with the conservatism of the law. During the course of the interview he rose to shut his office door, commenting wryly and with just the merest hint of a raised eyebrow that "a few people round here might not like to hear me sounding off".

Says Joel: "McClelland is one of those rare individuals who can speak lucidly, and seemingly effortlessly, on an extraordinarily wide range of subjects. He is not a physically expressive man. There are none of the Gillies-perfected grimaces or wild gesticulations of a Hawke, that many politicians seem to adopt.

"But that appearance of self-containment shouldn't fool anyone. The strongly held, personal views he expressed in this interview were obviously not just empty phrases calculated for effect, nor mere personal grandstanding, despite what some of his critics may say. Jim McClelland is a man with passionate convictions, and he is not fearful of expressing them."

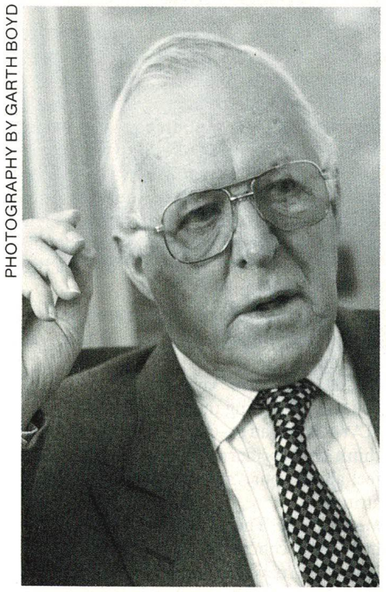
PLAYBOY: You were recently quoted in a daily newspaper as saying, "The Labor Party has become indistinguishable from the Conservative Party. Who needs Howard when you have Hawke?"

McCLELLAND: Did I say that?

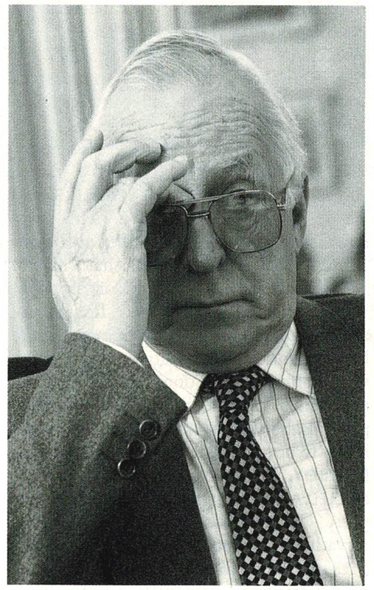
PLAYBOY: You did. You also said, "I've always seen the Labor Party as doing something for those at the bottom of the heap, not snuggling up to those who have made it." When did the disillusionment set in?

McCLELLAND: Oh, it's been a gradual business. I'm not totally disenchanted with them. I still wouldn't be able to bring myself to vote for anyone else. Nonetheless I think they've begun to look a bit too

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARTH BOYD



"Hawke's not my idea of a leader at all. He's a sort of chairman of a meeting letting everybody say their own piece and finally he comes in with some compromise."



"I find it ironical businessmen are asking the ordinary man to take a cut in wages but whinge their heads off if there's a suggestion they might lose a few bob."

"A man who is totally faithful to his wife and comes home drunk every night and beats her up is a much greater monster than the one who might sneak off with his secretary."

respectable. They seem to swallow whole notions of the conservative economists about there being only one thing to do to save the economy. What's being said obliquely by all these people is really that the answer to their problem is to slash wages. Now they're not game to do that. They've still got to contend with the ACTU and the unions generally. But I get the feeling all the time they're going through a softening-up process that will only lead to that. I would like to see them making a genuine attempt to collect the tax which is still being evaded. After all, there's a large section of the community, a very powerful section of the community, that thinks that only mugs pay taxes. Now if the Government gets all, or nearly all, the tax which is due to be collected, I think they can solve most of their fiscal problems.

PLAYBOY: Would you say the Labor government is soft on tax evaders, that for all its rhetoric there's not really been much follow-through?

McCLELLAND: I can't see that they've reformed the tax laws in a way that would catch the people who are avoiding paying tax. For instance, take what's going on with some of these big takeovers. A takeover merchant goes off-shore and borrows millions and saddles the country, indirectly, with that debt. And then gets his interest payments as a tax deduction!

PLAYBOY: You have also described the current government as "smug and middle-class". But couldn't their pursuit of the middle ground be justified on the basis that that's the ground on which most Australians stand?

McCLELLAND: That's what the hard-headed pragmatists say about their policies. But I would say there are as many as a million people who have it very tough in this country.

PLAYBOY: Who?

McCLELLAND: There are single mothers, unemployed youth, the elderly. People living in areas where there is a lack of social amenities like Sydney's Western Suburbs. It's very easy when you're doing well not to notice the amount of misery there is.I think the people in Canberra — it's true of any government, not only of this one — spend most of their time living relatively comfortable lives as politicians and they don't see much of the real world.

PLAYBOY: Labor has always maintained it's the party of principle. In the light of your comments, do you think this particular government has put pragmatism above principle?

McCLELLAND: I think it has.

PLAYBOY: You have identified welfare and tax evasion. Does the government disappoint you in other areas?

McCLELLAND: Yes, I think in Foreign Affairs we should be more independent of the Americans than we are. I see the present line as a sort of switch from Menzies' extreme Anglophilia: England could do no wrong and what was good for the mother country was good for Australia. That sort of thing led him to just give the country to the English for the Maralinga tests without taking any independent advice, without even talking to his Cabinet. Look what Hawke did over the MX missile. You know, all the way with Ronnie Reagan. I just don't like that.

PLAYBOY: Why does Bob Hawke have that attitude?

McCLELLAND: Because of his general caution and timidity toward what he thinks are the powers of the earth.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying Hawke has a desire to please?

McCLELLAND: That's right. The Americans are just as good at duchessing people as the English ever were. Reagan and Shultz and that lot, I can imagine how important they can make Hawke feel when he is in their country.

PLAYBOY: A contrast to the New Zealand prime minister, David Lange.

McCLELLAND: Exactly.

Chipp was on the outer with Fraser and developed a hatred for him. He'd pull you up in the corridors and vent his spleen on "that big bastard".

PLAYBOY: Would you like to see a bit more of, shall we say, the New Zealand Labor Party in the Australian Labor Party?

McCLELLAND: Yes, I would.

PLAYBOY: Does the Labor Party deserve applause for anything since it's been in office?

McCLELLAND: Well, I think its economic management has been reasonably sound, subject to the caveats that I've put on it. They should have known what was happening on the balance of trade problems. I find it a little bit surprising that a man of Keating's astuteness has been sort of caught with his pants down by these figures. All this talk about the J curve, it's turned out to be a gigantic miscalculation. But I think what John Button's done with the rationalisation of the motor industry has been good. Labor ministers have shown themselves to be good, safe economic managers.

PLAYBOY: Worthy of a conservative party?

McCLELLAND: Worthy of a conservative party. Better managers than this conservative party would be. The conservatives, I think, have the quite absurd idea of privatisation and deregulation of the labor market. They've been driven into these ultra-right wing policies because they've had their own clothes stolen by the Labor Party. Where else were they to go but to the right? That's the way they've gone. But I think Labor has got a more realistic attitude toward the problem of the unions and on this privatisation, which I think is a lot of nonsense. It hasn't done anything for Britain. They've just stolen the idea from Maggie Thatcher and who can say it's working over there? Has she pulled off any tricks? I can't see it.

PLAYBOY: What about the Democrats? They said they were there to keep the bastards honest.

McCLELLAND: The Democrats are a passing phenomenon, just like the DLP.

PLAYBOY: Was Chipp an effective leader?

McCLELLAND: I don't think so. I think that what he did was to force the party in power to go his way on a few things. I think that sort of act can lead to unprincipled bargaining. It Labor has a mandate to do certain things and the Democrats say, "No, we won't have that," that's an undemocratic result.

PLAYBOY: Was Chipp a crusader?

McCLELLAND: Not really. What brought him into this was his falling out with Fraser. He was on the outer with Fraser and developed a hatred of him. He'd pull you up in the corridors and vent his spleen on "that big bastard" because Fraser sacked him from the Cabinet.

PLAYBOY: He dropped a lot of people. In that sense Fraser was a very ruthless leader. Hawke takes a looser view of discipline.

McCLELLAND: Hawke's not my idea of a leader at all. He's a sort of chairman of a meeting letting everybody say their own piece and finally he comes in and settles the argument with some sort of compromise. That's how he was when he was ACTU secretary.

PLAYBOY: Do you find it unusual that Hawke has a close relationship with men such as Sir Peter Abeles?

McCLELLAND: I do, indeed. I think that's unhealthy. You wouldn't have caught Whitlam rubbing shoulders with people like that. That sort of person would be regarded by Whitlam as beneath him intellectually and he would forsake their company. I think that if you're rich enough and important enough you get off to a big start with Hawke.

PLAYBOY: Some people might see you as a somewhat quixotic figure tilting at windmills.

McCLELLAND: I'm saying things which I believe and getting them off my chest.

PLAYBOY: As an ex-chief judge, how do you think your former colleagues on the bench feel about your "storming the barricades" attitude?

McCLELLAND: They wouldn't like it. But I'm not vastly concerned with the opinion of lawyers. I never have been. I've gone on record and don't mind going on record again as saying that I regard them as among the narrowest people in the community.

PLAYBOY: Still on the behavior of judges, do you believe Lionel Murphy's trial was

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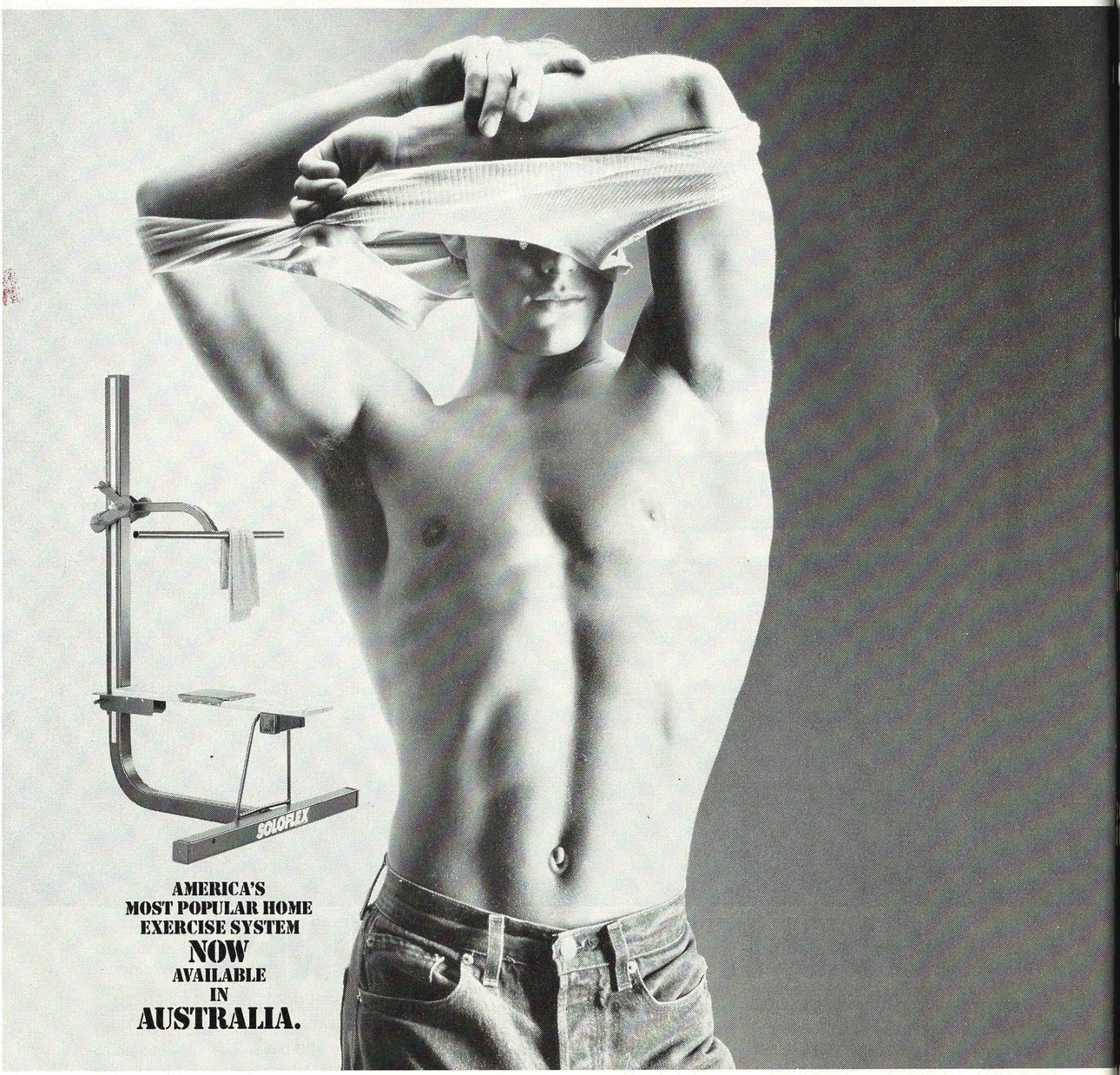

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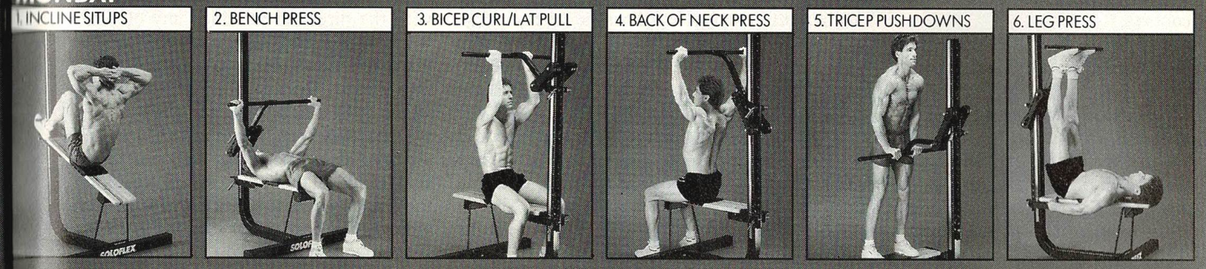

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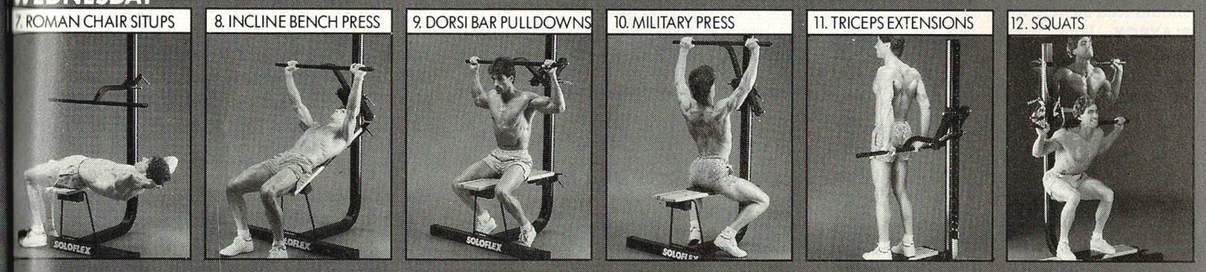

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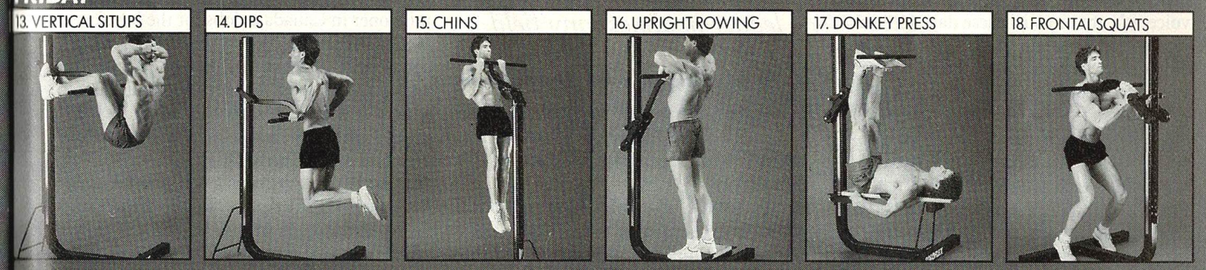

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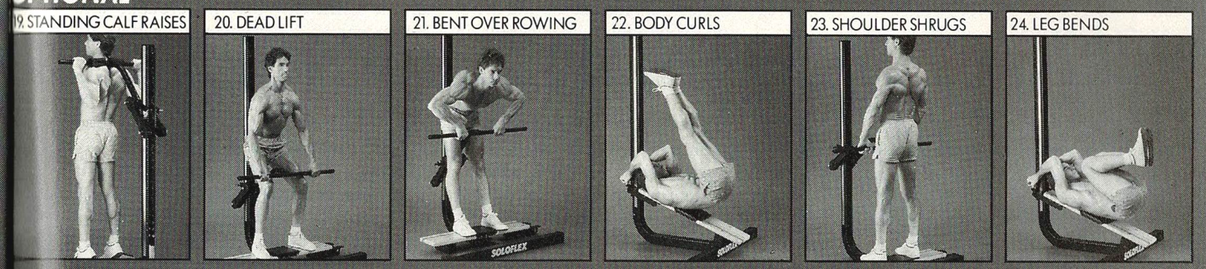

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political or the natural course of law?

McCLELLAND: Murphy is an old friend of mine and he has my sympathy. I wouldn't like to talk about the actual issues other than to say that I believe he is fit to be a member of the High Court.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it would have been more appropriate for him to have retired with dignity after his acquittal, rather than forging on and involving the High Court in controversy?

McCLELLAND: Well, it was peculiarly a matter for him. I don't think I would have been able to go back to the Court after the ordeal that he went through, but he is a man of enormous courage. He said to me several times, "I don't believe I've done anything wrong, so I think I have to stand my ground and go back to the Court." I don't go along with the idea that judges belong in some ivory tower. You know, all the conventions that they shouldn't go into pubs, that they should lead austere lives.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterise Murphy as a judge?

McCLELLAND: A good judge. He's unorthodox in that he's not as hidebound by precedent as other judges. For instance he could say in one of his early judgements, "All section 92 cases — that's about free trade between the states — have been wrongly decided." Murphy would say a thing like that and he would act accordingly and it has been interesting to see that though he may have started off as a lone voice, it's not unusual these days for him to pull the others round to his point of view. Not on all things, but on some things. I think he's been a very good, levelling influence in the High Court.

PLAYBOY: Is he too much of a reformer?

McCLELLAND: No, I don't think he is. He's not a wild revolutionary at all. As a matter of fact, if you read his judgements, many of the familiar statements contain the principles that you find from any of the lawyers. He's not a wild-eyed Bolshevik or anything like that.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe him as a man?

McCLELLAND: Well, he's a warm, outgoing, gregarious man. His judgement is not always good.

PLAYBOY: You have said he is a "folk hero" to the Labor Party. How do you think they see you?

McCLELLAND: Probably as an eccentric old man.

PLAYBOY: What about the way you see them? For instance, you once described Bob Hawke as "a mediocrity who's been elevated way beyond his merit".

McCLELLAND: That's right. I'll stick to that.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, you've called Paul Keating "the ablest man in Parliament". Do you stick to that too?

McCLELLAND: Yes, I do. That doesn't mean that I totally approve of Paul by any means. I think Paul has been infected by the success ethos of the big men that he rubs shoulders with, the Holmes a Courts, the Abeles, the Packers, etc, and I think he looks at them with admiration and rather uncritically. I think Paul has many of the symptoms of the boy from the wrong side of the tracks who suddenly finds himself mixing with the mighty of the earth and being feted by them. And I think that's had an effect on Paul's thinking.

PLAYBOY: And his relationship with Hawke?

McCLELLAND: He knows he's better than Hawke and he can't conceal it. Paul is a vain man. He's entitled to have eyes for himself. He's enormously clever. After all, he's got very little education; he finished his leaving certificate after he got into Parliament, I think. If he had had normal tertiary schooling he could have been a leader in almost any field. He knows that.

PLAYBOY: Apart from Keating, who are the other able men in Parliament?

McCLELLAND: John Button. Peter Walsh. John Dawkins. And there are one or two back benchers who haven't been heard of. A bloke named Bob Brown — you hear of him on all sorts of committees. I haven't met him but I've heard he's highly intelligent.

Keating knows he's better than Hawke and he can't conceal it. If he had had normal tertiary schooling he could have been a leader in almost any field.

PLAYBOY: Is there any talent among the Opposition?

McCLELLAND: I like John Howard, but I think he's an ordinary man. That's not a mark against him, but I'd like to think that our leaders are men who are above the average with a bit of imagination and drive. And I don't see much imagination in Howard.

PLAYBOY: Any state leaders or politicians you admire?

McCLELLAND: No, they're a dreary, commonplace lot. You don't go into state politics except for the rather mundane political reasons of wanting to have power and wanting to strut around and be important.

PLAYBOY: A bit of a step-up from the local council?

McCLELLAND: That's right. State politics hasn't got much to do with the solution of the real problems in society.

PLAYBOY: What if we had a system, as they do in America, where it's possible to bring people in from outside the Parliament to fill Cabinet positions?

McCLELLAND: I actually advocated that after I left Parliament. It was promptly used by Bob Hawke and included in one of his Boyer Lectures.

PLAYBOY: Who would be capable of filling Cabinet roles?

McCLELLAND: I suppose almost any of the big names among the so-called captains of industry would have the competence.

PLAYBOY: You mean the Holmes a Courts, the Bonds, the Elliotts?

McCLELLAND: People like that, the Rod Carnegies, they would have the capacity and the knowledge but I would not agree with the direction in which any of them would want to take the economy.

PLAYBOY: What about somebody such as Bob Ansett, for instance? Someone who would bring a bit of vigor and vitality?

McCLELLAND: Well, I didn't like the way he whinged about the Fringe Benefits Tax. I find it ironical that businessmen are asking the ordinary man to take a cut in wages but whinge their heads off as soon as there's the suggestion that they might lose a few bob. I don't like the sound of him all that much, although I do agree he's a man with a lot of drive.

PLAYBOY: We've established that it is difficult to bring talent into the system. Nevertheless, it hasn't stopped that fine old institution of "jobs for the boys". Certain people are rewarded for services and the Labor Party is regularly accused of this.

McCLELLAND: Labor certainly didn't invent it and the idea that the conservatives don't go in for it is nonsense.

PLAYBOY: Would you characterise David Combe's appointment as trade commissioner in Canada as jobs for the boys?

McCLELLAND: Well, yes, but that was a square-off. Hawke incurred so much unpopularity for the unceremonious, ungenerous way he dealt with Combe he felt that to make amends internally he had to give him something to do.

PLAYBOY: You have been a very good friend of former NSW Premier Neville Wran and yet your criticism of him while he was in office was trenchant. Why?

McCLELLAND: Well, I believe he abandoned all the principles that he brought into Parliament on environmental matters, to start off with. That would not have been sufficient in itself for me to attack him in the terms that I did, but my quarrel was that 10 years in office turned him into an autocrat and he frothed at the mouth at any opposition. He regarded attacks on any of his projects as attacks on him, as he did over this monorail thing which I think will be the greatest outrage that's been perpetrated by any government in NSW history. And yet the more opposition he struck on that, the more he ridiculed those who opposed him.

PLAYBOY: Could the NSW government lose an election on the corruption issue?

McCLELLAND: The corruption thing has been around for a while. It is widely believed in the community that there is corruption in high places in NSW. But I want to make it clear that I have no evidence of corruption against Wran. I've never accused him of corruption.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think the federal government has not wholeheartedly supported the Costigan inquiry?

McCLELLAND: I think they may have thought the accusations against Packer were insupportable and that Costigan had just got carried away. And I think that they probably took the view they had to call a halt to that sort of witch hunt.

PLAYBOY: What were your own views on the Costigan Commission?

McCLELLAND: I was for letting it rip. I think that Costigan's slogan of "follow the money trail" was the best that's been discovered on the way to uncover nefarious activities. They won't be caught by the usual crime-busting.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people have probably forgotten, if they ever realised at all, that you were in fact a great personal friend of Sir John Kerr. How far back did that friendship go?

McCLELLAND: I knew Kerr from practically the moment I came to Sydney. I came here and did my law course after the War. He had already qualified before the War. He'd won the University medal. He was a brilliant bloke, and we got to know each other very well round about 1948/49. We had a close professional relationship and I saw him regularly. We'd go to lunch together, we'd go to each other's houses, have a drink after work, all that sort of thing. I was as close to him as I was to anybody.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel during that period there was any indication of his later behavior?

McCLELLAND: I became conscious very early on of his shortcomings and his weaknesses. But he was a weak man who got great support from his first wife who was a very strong-minded woman and kept his feet on the ground. He also had this "boy from the wrong side of the tracks" thing. I once called him "the lick-spittle from the wrong side of the tracks". Especially after he got on the Bench, you could see that he valued beyond anything else the esteem of the establishment. I think he was never totally accepted.

PLAYBOY: And still isn't?

McCLELLAND: Well, of course he forfeited whatever regard he earned with them over the sacking [*of the Labor government in 1975*]. But this is a syndrome which always nauseated me. I've always thought it highly undignified for men or women of quality to want to be respected by men or women who have nothing much but wealth and success.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised when Kerr was appointed governor-general?

McCLELLAND: Oh yes. I was astonished by it. Mind you, I'm not saying that I foresaw he would do what he did. People thought I had suddenly developed this irrational hatred for him. I did develop a hatred for him because I thought he behaved very shoddily. He didn't really weigh up what should be done. I have reproached myself for not having seen the possibility of it. He gave me all sorts of oblique assurances that he was not going to sack us, so that I would take them back to Whitlam and I think lull him into a false sense of security.

PLAYBOY: How will history judge Gough Whitlam?

McCLELLAND: He will probably get a more extravagant place in history because of the dismissal than he would otherwise. Gough was a flawed leader. He's a magnificent man, a magnificent intellect, but he had certain shortcomings as a politician. He was a bit too impatient with his own people, he was contemptuous of his inferiors and couldn't always conceal it. But more than that, there were vast areas of government that he had no interest in, and he handed them over to men who weren't subject to the scrutiny that Fraser gave to all of his ministers. Fraser had a finger in every pie. Of course Gough had to pay the penalty for their failures. But he will emerge, I suppose, as a martyr figure and of course to Labor people he is already considered a shining knight compared to the present lot. At best, what you can say for them is efficiency.

PLAYBOY: Looking now at Malcolm Fraser, and considering his past actions, do you believe his appointment to the Eminent Persons' Committee was appropriate?

McCLELLAND: No, and I said so at the time. I don't see anything eminent about Fraser, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised that Hawke did it?

McCLELLAND: I was surprised at the time but when I look at it I can see that it's all of a piece with Hawke's character. It was a typical Hawke gimmick really. He's all for pretending that there aren't any conflicts in society.

PLAYBOY: Fraser seems to have embraced the African cause with great warmth and passion.

McCLELLAND: There may be some psychological quirk that explains it. And maybe he's genuine in his attitude toward discrimination.

PLAYBOY: In terms of history's judgement of Malcolm Fraser, might not his involvement with Rhodesia and now South Africa temper people's views of him?

McCLELLAND: Oh yes, they might. As a matter of fact I don't think he'll play a big role in the history books. I think if it hadn't been for 1975 he'd be a footnote. What did he do? What are his achievements? He turned out to be a very poor prime minister. He fumbled the ball at every chance.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about the Hawke government's employment policies?

McCLELLAND: I think that in the way society is structured now, unemployment at around the present level is permanent. I can't see that we'll ever get back to the days of full employment and low inflation. And I think probably we have to have another look at the whole work ethic and what we mean by work. After all, starting in the house, doesn't a woman do work? Work has come to mean in our society work for which you are paid. Maybe we have to just accept the idea that it's not all-important to own all these possessions, on which society depends, after all. We might have to settle for a more modest standard of living with work shared out among those who want to do it.

There's a certain sort of chronic intellectual bankruptcy that's taken over in the industrial world. If those who are lucky enough and intelligent enough and privileged enough want to enjoy the sort of life they are having, they have to accept the 10 percent unemployment and the 7 or 8 percent inflation that goes with it.

PLAYBOY: It's a trade-off.

McCLELLAND: That's right. And I would think if you talked off the record to any politician about the chance of bringing unemployment down seriously, he would say that it's impossible. They're content to hold the line, and provided it doesn't get any worse, they think they're doing well.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned our inflation rate, which is something like twice that of most of our major trading partners. Can we keep putting the blame at the foot of the unions for excessive wage demands?

McCLELLAND: I don't think the blame does belong there primarily. It belongs with inefficient management.

PLAYBOY: Private or public sector?

McCLELLAND: Both, probably. But the idea that public means inefficient and private means efficient is one of the great myths that we are fed. And of course these great advocates of private enterprise over the years brought this inefficiency on themselves by seeking a government cushion against competition.

PLAYBOY: Turning to quite a different matter, what do you see as the major achievements of your commission on the nuclear testing at Maralinga?

McCLELLAND: If it helped to finally put paid to the idea that we are just an appendage of England, I think it has been worth while.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't people say that the whole exercise was one of style rather than substance, considering that the British are not only denying responsibility but in fact say they have no legal obligation to pay reparations?

McCLELLAND: We were never in a position to make them pay. We couldn't do anything more than recommend.

PLAYBOY: So what has been achieved after all? Have you merely tweaked the British lion's nose?

McCLELLAND: It's up to the government, I believe, to get tough with the British. It's up to Hawke, and I don't hold any great hope because it's not one of his characteristics to stand up to people.

PLAYBOY: What's your impression of Margaret Thatcher today?

McCLELLAND: Oh, very poor. I always had a poor opinion of her. I spoke out in a way that I suppose a judge shouldn't speak out

(continued on page 113)

The time was 8 am. Race Day on Mt. Fuji.

It was 1955, a long time ago.

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Prizzi's Family

Maerose was a lady who got what she wanted — and what she wanted was Charley.

Fiction by
RICHARD CONDON

MAEROSE PRIZZI, granddaughter of the head of the Prizzi family, graduated from Manhattanville five months before the don made Charley Partanna her father's underboss. She felt drawn toward Charley because of his new status. Before that, if she knew he was alive, it was because he was Angelo Partanna's son and Angelo was the family's *consigliere*. Maerose was attracted to power.

When she graduated, her father gave her five points in the restaurant-linen-supply industry to assure her cash flow and 15 points in a going interior-decorating business in New York, not only because decorating was one of the things she wanted to do but because the Prizzis owned two big antique-reproduction-furniture factories in North Carolina and a big upholstery-fabrics company near Florence.

She had a feeling for color; like her grandfather, she knew money, and by reading in the New York Public Library at night for two months, working with the craftsmen in North Carolina and Florence (who were sent to New York) and listening carefully to an elderly queen who had once been an Oscar-winning set dresser in Hollywood, she was able to sound like the professional equal to her two partners. After 15 months, she bought one of them out and dominated the survivor. In two years, she was the sole stockholder of a thriving business that operated, with a little help from her friends, in New York, Beverly Hills and London.

Maerose was a tall gorgeous grabber who wore clothes with the assurance and style with which Marilyn Monroe had worn her arse. She was the most classically Sicilian Prizzi of them all: a cool aristocrat risen from a line of Arab-Greek-Phoenician Sicilians; with a nose like a Saracen, passionate and unremitting, and the sexually inquisitive eyes of a Bedouin woman in purdah. She was the definition of serenity and total adjustment on her surfaces, but, underneath, she was like the centre of the placid earth — eruptive.

After Manhattanville, although she kept an unannounced apartment in New York on 37th Street off Park, she lived at home with her father, Vincent Prizzi, and her 16-year sister, Teresa, in her father's house in Bensonhurst. She had an occasional fling with one or two clients in New York, but in Brooklyn she was strictly virgin territory.

When she was in New York, working with clients or seeing friends, she spoke with the grammatical elegance and diction of a woman on whom many years of higher education had been lavished. But when she was in Brooklyn, speaking to anyone — her father, her grandfather, anyone in her family — she spoke the street language with a heavy Brooklyn-Italian pronunciation and phrasing.

There was usually a filled glass of champagne on the desk in her office, not for effect but because she was always pitched so that she needed a drink. That was anathema to her family, so, when she drank, she drank only in New York.

She had been thinking about what she really wanted to do since she was 12. She wanted to take over, run and control both sides of her family's business operations: the street side, where her father held the power, and the political/investment side, where her Uncle Eduardo, aka Edward Price, lived. What was implicit in her take-over plan and what exalted it to an

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT RISKO

extreme was one clear fact: she would need to replace her grandfather as head of the family. Her reasoning had refined itself into a fairly straight line. Her grandfather was an old man; he had to die soon. Her father was a sick man; he couldn't last too long. Eduardo was healthy and younger than her father, so he would have to be taken from the inside. She was going to have to continue to cultivate Eduardo, as she had been doing since she was 15. After she established decorating branches in Palm Beach and Washington, she planned to sell the whole thing to Eduardo, giving him an idea of how well she understood business. Then she would have her grandfather persuade Eduardo to take her into Barker's Hill Enterprises, so that gradually, over, say, a 10-year period, while he got older and older, she could undermine him with key elements of the family's hierarchy.

Until she spotted Charley Partanna, she knew the weak link in her plan was the street side of the family's operation. Her father, boss of the street side, would never allow her, a woman, to have anything to do with family business. Out of nowhere, Charley Partanna was made her father's underboss and *vendicatore*. Her grandfather respected Charley. Charley had a big future in the family. Charley was going to have a lot of power. Therefore, she was going to have to marry Charley in order to take him over and control the street side, which fed money to Eduardo's operation. Then, in 10 or 15 years, when she took over Eduardo, she would control both sides of the family operations. Everyone would have to call her Donna Mae, the first woman in history to stand at the head of the Mafia family. Maerose had to be slightly mad to live with such an ambition. Any Sicilian man could have told her it was an impossible dream.

She had her first clear shot at Charley at her sister Teresa's 17th birthday party. Charley Partanna was there as a feudal duty. Teresa was a Prizzi. Everyone whose surname was Prizzi, Sestero, Partanna or Garrone was there: men, women and children. At the proper time, her grandfather, in a show of great age, would shuffle to the microphone and make a speech. He would whisper into Vincent's ear in Sicilian, then Vincent would speak it into the microphone in Brooklynese, dumping the words out of the depths of his stomach the way a piled wheelbarrow is emptied by upending it. Then the don would hand over the traditional annual birthday cheque of $1000 to Vincent, who would beckon Teresa to the stage and hand the cheque to her. She would kiss her grandfather, her father and her uncle Eduardo. The four-piece band, all bald or white-haired men who had been playing at Prizzi parties for 51 years, would then play *Happy Birthday To You* and all the Prizzis, Sesteros, Partannas and Garrones would sing out the words. Vincent would lead Teresa to the dance floor. The band would play *The Anniversary Waltz* and after one turn of the floor, Patsy Garrone, Teresa's *fidanzato*, would cut in and everyone would join in the dancing.

Maerose made sure she was standing next to Charley Partanna during the singing, so that when the band began to play the dance music, all she had to do was say, "Come on, Charley. Let's dance."

"Jeez, Mae," Charley said. "I ain't danced since Rocco's anniversary."

"Whatta you do on Saturday night? Raise pigeons? Come on!" She pulled him on to the dance floor. "Hey!" she said after a few turns. "You're a terrific dancer."

"I put $840 into Arthur Murray's to learn how to do it."

"Yeah?"

"I do rhumba, samba, mambo, waltz and fox trot."

"I heard you went to night school."

"Not for dancing."

"How come I never see you around?"

He shrugged. "I'm around. You go to New York."

"Why don't you come over to the house for dinner?"

Charley couldn't figure out what was happening. This was Corrado Prizzi's granddaughter. But she was acting very horny. What was he supposed to do?

"Vincent sees me all day."

"How about lunch on Sunday? Poppa eats lunch on the don's boat Sundays."

"Well —"

"Where you living?"

"At the beach."

"Did you have a decorator?"

"What?"

"That's what I do in New York."

"Yeah."

"Why don't I decorate your apartment?"

"Whatta you mean?"

"I mean the right colors, so — no matter how you feel when you walk in or when you wake up — when you are there, you feel better."

"Yeah?"

"You might have to throw out all the furniture."

"Jesus, you want colored furniture?"

"The shapes have to harmonise with the colors. That's how we lock in the perfect."

They danced together every third dance, because Maerose appeared beside him and asked him to dance. She was dancing with her father while Charley went to the john. Then he stood with his father, who was drinking a root beer and watching the dancing.

"Whatta you," Pop said, "discovering Maerose after all these years?"

"She's gonna decorate my apartment. We gotta meet someplace. Dancing, we're holding a meeting."

"You're holding all right," Pop grinned. "But it ain't no meeting."

Maerose went to Charley's apartment Sunday morning to see the layout. They toured the four rooms, she made a dozen pages of notes and he gave her the keys to the apartment. "The whole thing is in your hands," he said. "It's up to you how you fill up this place."

"It's gonna take about four weeks, Charley."

"I'll move in with Pop."

"We gotta have meetings so I can lay out progress reports."

"We don't need meetings. Whatever you want, do it."

"I wanna have meetings."

"How about four o'clock Thursday?"

"What's four o'clock? What's wrong with the night time?"

"I got things I gotta do."

Her voice went hard. "You got a girl?"

He shrugged. He was spending a lot of time with a showgirl named Mardell La Tour from the Casino Latino, but that was none of Maerose's business.

"You have to see her 100 percent of the nights?"

"Whenever."

"I want you to meet me for dinner Thursday night." She was the immovable object.

Charley couldn't figure out what was happening. This was Corrado Prizzi's granddaughter. But she was acting very horny. What was he supposed to do? Tell her to get outta here? This was getting to be a tricky situation. Sooner or later, he was going to have to talk it over with Pop.

"That would be great," Charley said reluctantly.

•

Maerose had viewed Charley as an instrument to further her plans until he made it absolutely plain that, as far as he was concerned, she shouldn't even have existed. She had never been brushed in her life. Men fell over themselves if she smiled at them, men who didn't even know she was Corrado Prizzi's granddaughter. Charley was falling all over himself to get away from her. Until he had turned her down flatly for dinner and everything else, he had been just another pleasant guy, a lightweight who could have been more useful than other men because she would have been able to build on him when she married him. Now she saw he was going to take a little training. The thought of his resistance was an aphrodisiac, but it also cut about 16 feet off her height.

She didn't believe he had another woman. From what she heard around, Charley had always played women very casually or in intense bursts. Then, after a

(continued on page 86)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

RIGHT ON, REBEKKA!

Rebekka Armstrong is a very unusual female. Just ask her mum!

Beautiful Rebekka Armstrong reckons her mother knew she was going to be an unusual child. "That's why she gave me such an unusual first name," she tells us. Rebekka's mother was dead right. Even at the age of nine, her daughter was the local motocross racing champ! By the time she was 12, the racing officials wouldn't let little Miss Armstrong compete against girls. In those days she wore boots, an old T-shirt and jeans. "Something hit me when I was 15," Rebekka recalls, "and I decided to become more feminine." From what we can see, Rebekka, things haven't looked back since.

Rebekka no longer races bikes but she admits her life still moves in the fast lane. And that includes men. "I prefer aggressive males," she says. "Not so aggressive they paw you all night. I mean a guy who's open, who doesn't beat around the bush. I like a down-to-earth guy in a four-wheel drive." Rebekka admits she also adores being pampered and she likes nothing better than spending hours getting ready for a big date. "I'll make sure every strand of hair is perfect. When I go out, I like to look like a walking hors-d'oeuvre. Good enough to eat!" Pause. Now, what could we possibly say to that?

HOT VIDEO NIGHTS

How to use your VCR to turn her on.

by **KEVIN COOK**

THE TROUBLE WITH going out on dates is that the world is full of people possessed by the devil. You shave, put on a clean jumper, pick up your date and run into what?

Old girlfriends, that's what. So the next time you're having a nightmare on date street, here's what to do. Take your date's arm, tell her to click her heels three times and repeat, "There's no place like home, there's no place like home."

The old-fashioned night-on-the-town has become a survival game in which you and your date are the only unarmed participants. The traditional date has been replaced with Video Saturday Night. Dates are spent cocooned in front of the chrome icon, Sony the All-Seeing.

As social phenomena go, video dating has nothing on Greg Matthews, *Perfect Match* or even Madonna, but it's far bigger than the wine cooler boom. People who video date don't stand in line to see Rocky slobber on the flag. They don't watch talking litter bins telling them to "Do the right thing". And when things work out, when they've cued up the right inspiration and savored *les munchies justes*, they have the privacy to consummate their date right there on the living-room floor.

What is all this doing to our film industry and, more important, our dating habits? To find the answers, I spoke to experts in the field and the man in the street. The man in the street, a bald guy leaving the video shop in Roma Street, Brisbane, said, "Get out of here. Let me alone. Go on, piss off." The experts were more helpful.

"For becoming intimate, the steps are easier," says one. "It's harder to get your girl from a movie theatre into bed than simply to move into the next room, or lie down in front of the TV. But there are no shortcuts to intimacy. You still have to care about the other person, and know that person, or sex is about as much satisfaction as a sneeze."

Realistically, though, lots of people need shortcuts to intimacy. Our expert admits to knowing of one. "For newly dating couples," she says, "the best bet is a horror film. The physiology of arousal is such that when you are frightened, it's *the same* arousal as when you are sexually excited. One spills over easily into the other. So try those fright films."

For the film-maker's perspective, I spoke to John Waters, director of the cult perennial *Pink Flamingos* and other box-office gross-outs.

"The entire success of home video is due to the fact that most of us don't have the nerve to masturbate in public," says Waters, whose films feature masturbation, incest, cannibalism, chicken screwing and coprophagy (eating poop). "It's good news. This is the first time I've made loads of cash, and more people stop me on the street now. The garbo for one. And that's who I'm really honored to reach."

The video releases of *Female Trouble, Desperate Living* and *Polyester* have allowed Waters to live "the lifestyle of a thousandaire", so he doesn't cop an auteurist attitude about the small screen. "Most film-makers say their movies look terrible on video, but mine look *better*," he says. "You can't see all the mistakes."

At home Waters shows his video dates Russ Meyer films, the documentary *Manson* and tapes of *The Collegians*, a bizarre talent contest that ran on American TV 20 years ago. *The Collegians* stars a child contortionist and a girl with gargantuan thighs doing interpretive dance to the Pink Panther theme. ("She would pay to have this tape destroyed," he says.) Sometimes he watches *outre* stories, taped from local news broadcasts. "Hideous stories," he says. "People tape them and send them to me. I'm following the release of [*heinous criminal*] Gertrude Banishewski in Indiana now. That's what video is really great for, keeping up with your obsessions." He says Dagwood sandwiches are the perfect snack for a John Waters Video Date.

Yourself, your obsessions and a VCR — these are the building blocks of any successful video date. Beginning couples may also benefit from the following helpful hints, developed through the input to the experts and considerable trial and error on my part.

1. BE KIND — UNWIND

Your date doesn't want *Cujo* sprung on her the moment she flips off her shoes. Treat her like a lady. Hold the refrigerator door for her. Inside, have two glasses of chilled champagne. If you spill some champagne, let her step across your jacket to the living-room. Tell her she looks as radiant as the picture on your new Trinitron.

2. MATCH THE MOVIE TO THE MOOD

There are more different kinds of women than whiskers on the cast of *Quest For Fire*, but none of them will want your epidermis if you show *The Thing, Rock-Hard Gay Waiters* or *Greatest Sports Legends*. In general, avoid disembowelling, sports legends and rock-hard gay waiters. Any kind of hard-core porn, in fact, is probably a bad idea, though it's worth considering if your date wears a lot of blue eyeshadow.

Softcore drama such as *Body Heat* and *Last Tango In Paris*, on the other hand, virtually guarantee audience participation. Totalitarian drama is also worth a try. If your date has just seen *Midnight Express* and *1984*, she is probably so glad to live in a democracy that she'll want to pursue happiness immediately.

Films like *Citizen Kane, The Seventh Seal* and anything by Woody Allen from *Annie Hall* onwards show your taste, intelligence, and/or wit. A romance that begins with these films probably won't peak until you and your date have shared longer, more earthy titles like

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN HERSEY

The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With The Sea and *Rock-Hard Waiters And Receptive Waitresses.*

In the unfortunate event that your date stands you up, rent *The Omega Man, The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter* or the classic *I Spit On Your Phone Number.*

3. LE MENU

First, try to go beyond the Twisties and corn. If your idea of a love drug is "butter-flavored popcorn topping," you should be standing in line at Hoyts with the teen wolves. Video dating requires gourmet creativity.

Pizza may be the bowler's conception of Italian food, but it's perfect for Fellini. Mix and match, but stay thematic. Try *Dracula* with a garlic pizza, *Jaws* with anchovies, *Popeye* with spinach, *Gandhi* with nothing at all.

More substantial fare such as *The Godfather* calls for a more substantial meal — vino, pasta, veal marsala, canolli, cappuccino.

Are you inexperienced? Then try these Video Helpers, courtesy of the National Filmic Nutrition Institute:

Crumpets and honey for *Bolero*, jelly and grapes for *9½ Weeks*; eggplant for *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers*; Butter-fingers for *Last Tango In Paris;* lobster for *Annie Hall*; upside-down cake for *The Poseidon Adventure;* pasta for *The Apartment;* sushi for *Splash;* and tacos for *Women In Love.*

4. FURNITURE PLACEMENT AND YOU

Your VCR should sit at eye level and dominate the room. You should polish it until it shines like the monolith in *2001*, which gave Man the idea of bashing in his competitors' skulls, to say nothing of handball.

Put away your chairs; scatter pillows on the floor. Put all the rest of your furniture out in the street. The homeless, who have no VCRs, should at least get to put their feet up. And remember — no matter what the furniture ads may say, owning a love seat is brutally gauche. It indicates to your date that you get your home-furnishings ideas from *Sale Of The Century*.

5. PORNO, OR NO?

It is said that women don't get off on pictures. As the Spanish say, *Ha!* If women are less responsive to visual stimuli than men, explain the careers of Sam Neill and Mel Gibson.

Women are, however, comparisonmakers, and this can lead to trouble. Sex experts say that when there's an attractive person of *your* sex on the video screen, your date sees you as even *less* attractive than you are, if possible. The solution? Try showing your date something starring beautiful women and evolutionary missing links — a category that includes almost all porn films as well as 1972's *Elvis On Tour*.

Bear in mind that porn is supposed to be fun, if not downright funny. Some of the best titles ever are blue: *Disrobics, The Good, The Bad And The Horny, Yank My Doodle, Bodacious Ta-Ta's.*

6. JUDGING A TAPE BY ITS BOX

The intelligent consumer can tell a lot about a tape by its cover. For example, if Kitten Natividad — she played the title role in *Bodacious Ta-Ta's* — has top billing, the consumer knows that he'll need a wide screen monitor. If the box bears a title like *All-Male Burlesque Revue*, he knows not to touch it if he has any open sores on his hands. If the box is all slimy and smells like a wrestler's armpits, it's a Stallone picture. Sorry, it's out.

A really four-star video date has three components: introduction, resolution and bliss.

You pick up your date in a long white limo. The back seat is cordoned off with velvet ropes. You present her with long-stemmed roses and a jumbo box of Red Tulip.

On the way to the video store you cuddle, watching the beach scene in *From Here To Eternity* on your mobile VCR. You become Burt Lancaster; she becomes Deborah Kerr. By the time you reach the video store, there is sand between your toes.

And end like this. You carry her over the threshold to the VCR, and place her gently on the floor. Her eyes are misty with foreglow and limo champagne. You cue up *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and clear off the kitchen table. You're starting to feel like Jack Nicholson. She's starting to look like Jessica Lange. Fade to bliss.

THE ALL-TIME BEST GUYS' MOVIES

When a man's gotta view what a man's gotta view.

by **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

GUYS' MOVIES. You know what they are. The kind of movie you scoop up in a six-pack from the local video store, for those long weekends when your lover is away. The kind of movie that keeps you awake all bloody night. The kind of movie Woody Allen will never make. The kind of movie not likely to have subtitles. They are movies filled with neat moves and great lines. They are movies about authority, about brothers and mates, about knives, fists, guns, high explosives, noise. They are filmed in testostachrome. These are movies you can trust, because they star guys you can trust.

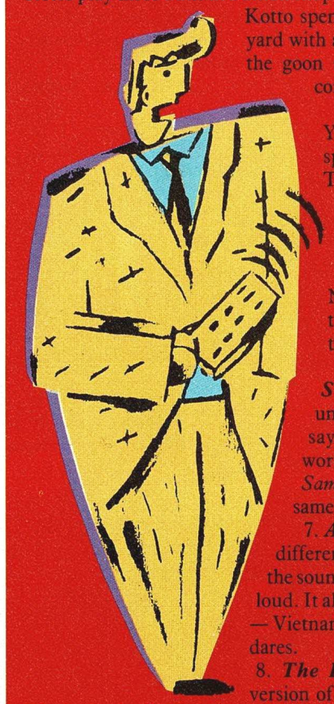
If a movie has Sean Connery, Bryan Brown, Humphrey Bogart, Clint Eastwood, Jack Thompson, Robert Mitchum, Steve McQueen, Charles Bronson, Robert Duvall, Nick Nolte, Chuck Norris, Bruce Lee, Sylvester Stallone, Roy Scheider, Burt Reynolds. . . it's a guys' movie. If it stars Alan Alda, it's not.

1. ***Zulu***. A movie that defines on-the-job training. Michael Caine and Stanley Baker hold off 10,000 members of the ANC at Rorke's Drift.

2. ***The Man Who Would Be King***. Sean Connery and Michael Caine — comrades and con men — head off to Kafirstan to be kings. Male bonding — as opposed to James bonding — at its best.

3. ***Thief***. A caper movie. James Caan is a master safecracker with a code that will burn through cold steel. From the man who brought you *Miami Vice*.

4. ***Blue Collar***. Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel, and Yaphet Kotto play three bulls in a union shop. The scene in which Yaphet Kotto spends the night in his friend's yard with a baseball bat ready to greet the goon squad epitomises stand-up comedy.



5. ***North Dallas Forty***. You'll notice this is the only sports movie on this list. That's because it's not about winning. It's about playing with pain, and walking away from the game. The opening scene, with Nick Nolte getting out of bed, or trying to, is worth the cost of the rental.

6. ***The Magnificent Seven***. James Coburn's underhand knife toss. Need we say more? This movie even works in Japanese, as the *Seven Samurai*, because guys are the same all over the world.

7. ***Apocalypse Now***. The only difference between men and boys is the sound of their toys. This movie is loud. It also deals with a guys' subject — Vietnam — in a way no other movie dares.

8. ***The Right Stuff***. A high-tech version of *The Magnificent Seven*, this film is also loud. You get to ride in an F-1. You get to ride in the Mercury capsule. The only movie that comes close to capturing this spirit is *Das Boot*, another story about guys in a can.

9. ***The Long Riders***. It has brothers. It has gunplay. It has fashion sense. It shows what the phrase high, wide and handsome really means.

10. ***The Wild Bunch***. Our Gang, but with grown-ups. Sam Peckinpah took a guys' concept — violence — and a non-guys' concept — choreography — and put the two together for the best western you can rent.

11. ***Scarface***. The Al Pacino version, of course, because it captures conspicuous consumption as the American Dream. You have to watch this movie five or six times to really get off on it. Memorise the "Say Goodnight To The Bad Guy" monologue and entertain crowds at fine restaurants.

12. ***The Long Good Friday***. Bob Hoskins is the believable tough guy, into rehabbing the London waterfront. Hanging his associates upside down in the abattoir is one highlight. Helen Mirren as his sidekick is the other.

13. ***The Godfather***. Brothers, bloodshed, loyalty, the shouldering of responsibility. When Fred Nile talks about family values, how many of you think of this family?

14. ***The Mean Machine***. "Do we get to hurt the guards?" is still a classic line. Take Burt Reynolds out of a car, and he can act. This movie is tough, and calls on the ancient guy tradition of standing up to The Man.

15. ***Cool Hand Luke***. The other great prison farm movie, only the boiled egg replaces the football as the symbol of tough guy resistance.

16. ***High Noon***. Gary Cooper was the original one-man army, but he had to do it the hard way, without benefit of Nautilus machines, automatic weapons or martial arts.

17. ***Dirty Harry***. Clint Eastwood's almost glacial sense of justice, his trendsetting speech about the 357 Magnum, and one of the twitchiest, sleaziest madmen in the history of movies make this one of Clint's best.

18. ***Any Chuck Norris Movie***. Although the karate ones are great, we lean toward *Code Of Silence*. There aren't many classic lines in Norris's films, but "If I want your opinion, I'll beat it out of you," comes close.

19. ***Enter The Dragon/Return Of The Dragon***. The man had moves.

20. ***Jaws***. There are guys who teach other guys how to be guys. Robert Shaw leading Roy Scheider and Richard Dreyfuss into manhood. When Shaw tells the spellbinding saga of the sinking of the *Indianapolis*, it's a model of masculine storytelling.

21. ***The Last Detail***. Jack Nicholson is our kind of guy. If you can't rent this story of Shore Patrol initiating Randy Quaid into Life, rent *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*.

22. ***Bladerunner***. We're sorry, but Indiana Jones is for kids. In *Bladerunner* Ford plays an adult in a grown-up world. You try drinking vodka with a split lip.

23. ***Mad Max III***. It has everything: great visuals, car chases, weapons, eccentric characters, a solid hero. We can't wait for IV.

24. ***Richard Pryor Live***. You wish you could be that bad. You wish you could be this good.

25. ***Insatiable***. You wish, full stop.

THE ALL-TIME BEST GIRLS' MOVIES

An insider's guide to what makes girls go gooey.

by **ANNE BEATTS**

THE MOVIE that really hits my play button is *The Naked Jungle* with Charlton Heston and Eleanor Parker. It's a steamy saga of man against nature in the Amazon jungle, featuring the heroic struggle to save the farm from man-eating ants. The best part comes after the ants have chewed at least one fat character actor to death. Chuck and Eleanor have a little tiff, Eleanor slaps him, Chuck sweeps Eleanor into his arms and kisses her, bending her so far over backwards her neck almost snaps. Whereupon we tactfully cut away to the river overflowing its banks.

Nothing beats '50s movies for symbolism. As a result, for a long time, sex in my mind was synonymous with natural disasters. It was a great disappointment to me to learn that you could be kissed without having your entire body bent back, and that it didn't always start up a flood or an earthquake immediately afterward. It was an even greater disappointment to discover that *The Naked Jungle* is not yet available on cassette.

In the meantime, I'll have to get my rocks off with the following selection of fine entertainment, user-tested by our panel of blue-ribbon judges — namely all my girlfriends who were up for free spaghetti and crates of wine coolers.

1. ***Gone With The Wind***. Nobody doesn't like *Gone With The Wind*. It's the Sara Lee cheesecake of movie selections. Something about the moment when Rhett carries Scarlett up that long, long flight of stairs seems to release every girl's pheromones.

2. ***To Have And Have Not***. Okay, okay, *Casablanca* was the beginning of a beautiful friendship, but this is the hot one, the one where Bogie and Baby first locked eyes — and lips, once Bogart finally figured out how to put them together and blow.

3. ***Wuthering Heights***. When Heathcliff paws pretty, pale-skinned Cathy, it's easy to see why Merle Oberon bit Laurence Olivier's lip during rehearsal.

4. ***National Velvet***. Any man who'll watch this one with a woman and then make soft whinnying sounds in her ear afterwards has got it made.

5. ***North By Northwest***. Eva Marie Saint demonstrates the finer points of train travel, including how to tip the dining car attendant $5 to seat Cary Grant at your table. The resulting tete-a-tete steams up the windows of the entire Twentieth Century Limited. I may never fly again.

6. ***Top Hat***. Fred and Ginger have something even better than sex. They've got rhythm.

7. ***Cat On A Hot Tin Roof***. Nobody wears a slip like Liz Taylor or handles crutches like Paul Newman. It's Tennessee Williams at his best — and most heterosexual. With the aid of a few mint juleps and some 1950s lingerie, you might have yourselves quite a heterosexual evening. Crutches are optional.

8. ***King Creole***. Elvis in a good movie? Director Michael Curtiz gets more out of Elvis than anybody, except possibly Priscilla.

9. ***On The Waterfront***. Who cares if Marlon Brando's wearing a little too much eye make-up? He's a contender.

10. ***Rebel Without A Cause***. The ultimate teen flick. John Hughes should be put on detention and forced to watch this every Saturday morning for the rest of his life.

11. ***Splendor In The Grass***. Most of the movie is devoted to Warren Beatty's efforts to get into Natalie Wood's pants. The strain of saying no finally drives Natalie crazy and she bobs her hair, puts on a red dress (a sure sign of trouble), and winds up in a mental institution. Maybe that's why so many girls have been afraid to say no to Warren ever since.

12. ***Breathless***. The original, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg. Many women switched to Gauloises after this .

13. ***Goldfinger***. The name is Bond, James Bond. Make sure the

(continued on page 116)

THE ETHICS OF VIDEO DUBBING

Okay, you've worked out how to do it. But are you sure it's really fair play?

by **P. J. O'ROURKE**

EMBELLISH YOUR telephone answering machine message with the theme from *Dial "M" For Murder*. Tape the hit songs of Twisted Sister and use them to scare birds out of your vegetable garden. Rent a copy of *Behind The Green Door* and edit it into the video of your sister's wedding reception. Have you done wrong?

Let's look at this from a legal point of view. The answer is yes. You've violated copyright legislation. But it simply isn't that cut and dried: home dubbing is impossible to police and of arguable significance to the recording companies. And there are loopholes.

In 1984 in the United States, for instance, the Supreme Court ruled that home copying, at least of television broadcasts, is an "authorised use of copyright". And the judge who wrote the majority opinion concluded: "Recording that isn't authorised by the owners of copyrights may still be legal. As long as it is done for home enjoyment and isn't for commercial purposes, unauthorised recording falls within a 'fair use' exception to the copyright law."

Although there has been no similar test case in Australia, there is a body of opinion that feels our own Supreme Court would come down on the other side and declare home copying illegal. However, it is highly unlikely that a case costing, say, $5000 would be mounted against an individual in order to recover perhaps $50 in fines. Apart from anything else, the blow to the video companies' public relations would be mortal, and sales of blank cassettes would suffer accordingly. It is possible that action might be instituted with a view to bringing in a levy on blank cassettes in order to recompense copyright owners for an unenforceable law, but in the meantime, "fair dealing" seems to be the de facto situation in Australia as well.

"Fair dealing" is the legal doctrine that no copyright infringement occurs when something is reproduced for purposes of criticism, news reporting, scholarship or education. However, in Australia, when related to audio-visual matters, "fair dealing" applies only to the reporting of news in the print and electronic media. How much use is fair dealing? The rule of thumb is "enough to get your point across". If you copy *Emmanuelle, Last Tango In Paris, 9½ Weeks* and *The Story Of O* — being sure to copy enough of them to, as it were, "get your point across" — you're home free. And these movies are educational. My girlfriend was getting such an education from *9½ Weeks* that she walked out on it.

But let's *not* look at this from a legal point of view. "Legal" and "ethical" have the same relationship as "stupid" and "pretty". Sometimes it seems as if they go together, but they really don't. Ethics can be illegal, as the National Service heavies pointed out to me in 1969. And laws can be unethical, the way they were in Nazi Germany. (Drawing a parallel between slaughtering innocent millions and making pirate tapes of *Dumbo* is, incidentally, an example of the unethical laws of magazine writing.) An ethical man doesn't abide by the law when there is a compelling moral reason to do otherwise. I'm sure there *is* a compelling moral reason for illegally dubbing every movie Debra Winger was ever in. I just can't think of it right now.

Whether it's all right to copy music, movies or Donkey Kong software for your own pleasure is actually a question about the ethics of entertainment. What are people doing when they entertain us? And what do we owe them?

Entertaining is done for the sake of "amusement". I looked in the dictionary to make sure I knew what I was talking about. I didn't. I'd always thought "amuse" had its root in the Muses — Calliope, Terpsichore, Thalia and the rest of the girls. I'm willing to shell out to see what they're up to anytime — *The Iliad* one moment, Ovid's *Metamorphoses* the next. You can count on the Muses for quality material. But, according to *Webster's Third New International Dictionary*, "amuse" comes from the archaic French verb *amuser*, meaning "to waste time", which comes from *muser*, meaning "to idle or loiter, to gape or stare", from the Latin *musus*, "snout or mouth of an animal". This puts entertainment in a new light. Don Johnson doesn't know how to shave, Madonna gets her panty girdle on the wrong side of her dress, Cher dyes her face green and we stand around and make like pig noses.

The principal argument against home copying is that it deprives performers of income that is rightfully theirs, that dubbing is theft of services. But a semi-comatose Robert Redford playing Hide-the-Oscar with Meryl Streep — that's a service? And what about a Chevy Chase movie? He appears on the screen and puts a finger up his nose. He loses his pants and tennis racquet, says something stupid and falls down. Isn't it enough we don't kill him?

Like the wandering minstrels and village idiots of yore,

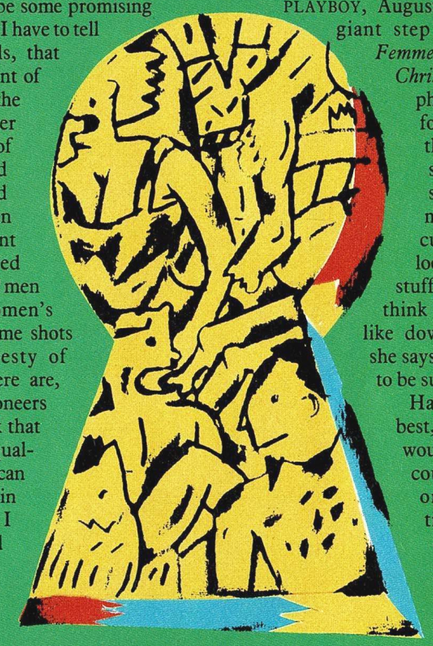
(continued on page 98)

ADULT MOVIES, GROW UP!

Bruce Williamson finds the current crop of porn movies hard going.

WE DON'T CALL them "porn movies" anymore. We call them adult films, and we watch them at home on our VCRs in the company of desirable, liberated women. In fact, it is estimated that women now do about 50 percent of the buying and/or renting of such cassettes. This means that there has been a shift toward higher quality in porn films, since women demand more in the way of story line and context. Or so we hoped.

Well, there may be some promising signs of change, but I have to tell you, boys and girls, that more than 90 percent of what's out there is the same old smut. After sampling some 50 of the newest X-rated offerings, I found the same 42 women on their knees in front of men's unzippered flies and the same 12 men ejaculating on women's stomachs in the come shots that make a travesty of grown-up sex. There are, however, a few pioneers out there who think that the terms "better quality" and "X-rated" can actually be spoken in the same breath. I talked to a few, and the way they see it, any real hope for a revolution in raunch is mixed at best, despite their best efforts.



Chuck Vincent is the creator of 1981's *Roommates* and 1983's *In Love*, two milestone flicks with female characters treated in a real and sympathetic manner that helped to narrow the gap between mainstream movies and X fare. Today, Vincent is not optimistic. "A few years ago, a high-quality theatrical feature might earn $750,000; now, with many of the adult theatres closed, you're lucky to bring in $75,000-$100,000 with a hit cassette. Because the profit potential is so small, we're back to one and two-day shoots by people with $10,000 budgets. Too many people in our business are salesmen, not film-makers."

Vincent's pessimism is echoed by Marga Aulbach, a German-born producer-director, whose own films emphasise romantic sexual encounters and take-charge female characters. "People rent or buy by looking at the cassette covers," she points out. "If they look slick, as most of them do, they take 'em home and see another cheap, grainy movie about five people fucking and sucking. . . And you've lost a customer. Especially if it's a woman customer." Small wonder, then, that adult films, which commanded a whopping 40 percent of the trade when the VCR explosion was new, have shrunk to a 15 to 20 percent market share.

On the up side, Candida Royalle (Australian PLAYBOY, August '86), has taken a giant step with her trilogy: *Femme, Urban Heat* and *Christine's Secret*. Their photography is a match for any X movie on the market, and the sensuous, erotic sensibility at work here makes most of the current competition look like greasy kids' stuff. "It's a mistake to think women don't ever like down-and-dirty sex," she says. "We do, but it has to be subtler."

Having surveyed the best, which adult movies would I recommend to couples? Besides the ones already mentioned: Chuck Vincent's *Bordello* and *Voyeur*; Marga Aulbach's *Between Lovers; Behind The Green Door* (classic sex fantasy, not for the fainthearted); Radley Metzger's opening of *Misty Beethoven* ('70s landmark with wit and style); *The Devil In Miss Jones* (sexy psychodrama by Gerard *(Deep Throat)* Damiano; *Nothing To Hide* (award-winning adult feature in which love triumphs over lust), and *Talk Dirty To Me* (hardcore with a rollicking sense of fun). Also worth watching for some fairly pointed satires: *Nurses Of The 407 (M.A.S.H.), Heaven's Touch (Heaven Can Wait)* and *Hot Dallas Nights (Dallas)*. But the most popular titles on the sexshop shelves are *The Big Switch* (bi-sexual couples), *Lust In The Fast Lane* and *The Exotic World Of Helga*.

Too much too soon? Then put your favorite date on hold and wait for the cassette release of *9½ Weeks*, with the scenes scissored from the theatrical version. Pure R non-porn, this crossover skin flick is as seductive and smooth as satin sheets.

SURF'S UP

Australian Playboy's guide to the radical, the unreal and the totally awesome.

Surfing by **NICK CARROLL**

IT'S A GOOD bet that at some time in the near future, summer being about to burst upon us with its customary blinding glare, you'll find yourself hanging around on a

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL McCORMACK

beach somewhere in this wonderfully sunburnt land, forcing down some form of cold beverage and gazing at the extraordinary amounts of near-nude flesh assembled above the high-tide mark.

And it's possible — nay, *likely* — that between bouts of what civilised people call "just looking around" and bitter female companions call "perving", your eyes may stray seaward, where you'll almost certainly notice, down the beach and away from the flags, a strange assortment of human beings aged anywhere from 10 to 50, bobbing up and down on pieces of plastic foam and fibreglass and just occasionally using them in strenuous attempts to ride the waves.

Now, as most red-blooded Aussie sporting types are aware, this activity is called surfing and it's growing by leaps and bounds in this country. That's partly due to the fact it's one sport Aussies are bloody good at. We've produced the world champion nine years out of the past 10, and would have again this year if an American hadn't upset the flow for us. And it's partly due to the fact that surfing's a hell of a lot of fun. Whatever their reasons, thousands more Aussies take to the ocean each year with an increasingly high-tech array of surfing equipment, and more and more companies are sinking more and more money into big-time Grand Prix surf tournaments.

Which is all well and good, if you understand what those strange human beings are up to out there in the middle of the godforsaken blue hurling themselves from place to place with reckless abandon. But what if you're down there on the sand one day and, say, one of those big contests is going on and the silken-skinned young woman with whom you've just begun to chat asks if *you're* a surfer? And what if she wants to know what those maniacs are doing out there anyway? What do you do *then*, eh?

•

First of all, you need to know about the wave — which, frankly, isn't as simple as it sounds.

Waves are formed way out to sea somewhere by strong winds, and on a good surfing day they come roaring into the beach in long lines, finally dumping with awesome fury on to the nearest reef or sandbar, all too often with helpless surfers caught in their vice-like grips.

As a wave comes across a sandbar or reef and toward the shore, it passes through three distinct stages: first, the pre-broken stage, in which it moves ominously at the shallows, mounting and preparing for the main event; second, the breaking stage, in which it towers high into the air and smashes down with terrifying force, squashing all in its path; and third, the post-broken stage, in which it blunders foamily to the beach, worn-out and cursing the fates which have led it to this pitiful end.

Most surfers concern themselves almost solely with the explosive second stage,

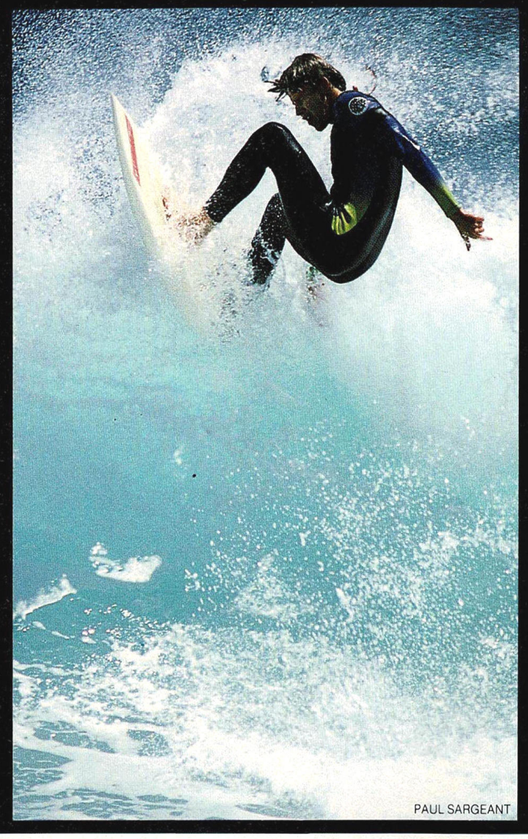
MAKING WAVES

Manoeuvres to destroy the filthiest wave.

THE CUTBACK: ***This has absolutely nothing to do with the economy. The surfer hurtles out on to the green face of the wave, away from the curl, and drives his board through a fiercely skilful turn designed to take him right back into the aforesaid curl, where he will recover from the force of the manoeuvre with a relaxing shower and a nice lie-down (that is, unless the wave has other ideas, such as driving the surfer through a fiercely violent turn designed to bury him up to the neck in sand).***

MICHAEL McCORMACK

THE RE-ENTRY: ***One of surfing's most complex stunts. The surfer rides right up on to the lip as it detaches itself from the wave face and pitches out into mid-air with deceptive beauty. The art of the re-entry lies in waiting until precisely the correct moment to begin the descent into the maelstrom of foam below. Done properly, the re-entry is sheer poetry and earns a surfer plenty in competition. Mistimed, however, it becomes something best forgotten by everyone involved; especially by the surfer's girlfriend, who, while engaged in coitus with her failed hero later that evening, will find herself ducking and weaving to avoid the torrents of sea water pouring from his force-filled sinuses.***



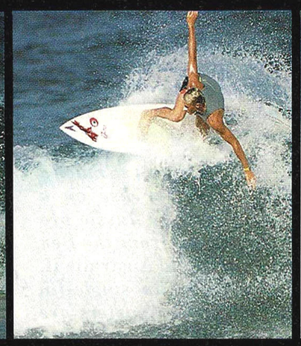
PAUL SARGEANT

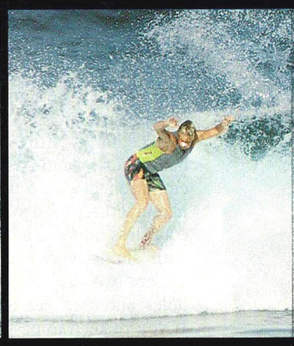
MERKEL FILMS

THE 360: ***Surfing's version of the wheelie. The 360-degree turn was once thought to be a near-impossible manoeuvre, but the outlandish athleticism of modern surfing soon overcame such trivial notions. The 360 was very hip for a while in big competition, falling out of favor only when it was discovered that the ludicrous flailing arm-and-leg action required to pull it off was sending the judges into hysterics. Now unpopular except on very lonely beaches when nobody is looking.***

THE SNAP: ***You guessed it — this is a violent move. The surfer swings his board up the wave face and performs a savage direction change, usually just beneath the lip. The snap is probably the standard competitive manoeuvre, and it has two big points in its favor — it looks great from the beach, and you stand a good chance of intimidating another surfer with a blinding sheet of spray to the face. For some surfers, this represents a kind of Holy Grail of surfing achievement.***

MARK O'NEILL





MICHAEL McCORMACK

THE FLOATER: ***Travelling at speed across the wave face, the surfer drives up and over an oncoming foam section, "floating" for as far as five metres on a foam cushion before dropping to the bottom of the wave. Very popular in competition as a method of completing a ride. Usually has little to do with the small brown things found floating belly-up off some city beaches during sewerage worker strikes.***

unless they're beginners (floundering in the foam and hating the ocean with all their heart) or veterans (sitting grimly well out to sea, waiting for the real Big One *a la* Fabian in *Ride The Wild Surf*, without a hope in hell of catching anything until the next cyclone).

In this second stage, or breaking mode, the wave is made up of a bottom (obvious enough — I mean, everything has a bottom, hasn't it?), a face (the smooth green part between the bottom and the top, where the surfer has fun with the wave) and a lip (the top part of the wave, launching out into mid-air and blasting into the reef/sand below, where the wave has fun with the surfer).

As it breaks, the wave might become a closeout (hopeless for surfing because the lip collapses all along the wave's length at once, leaving no face for the surfer to have fun on), or a lefthander or a righthander. A left is formed when the wave breaks and runs from left to right, and is so called because to the surfer paddling for the wave it appears to be running left, although from the beach it looks like running right. A right is formed when — well, you can work that out for yourself.

A surfer is called a natural-foot when he surfs with his left foot forward and faces the wave on a right; a goofy-foot surfs with his right foot forward and faces the wave on a left. It's all very simple, really.

And — nearly forgot — when a surfer faces the wave, he is surfing on his forehand; when facing away from the wave, he is on his backhand. In modern surfing there is little difference between the two, except that the backhand surfer can't see where he is going.

The intention of most surfers in the high-powered competitive surfing world of the '80s is to do as many hideously nasty things to the wave as is possible, given the strictures of space (as long as the wave dares to continue its passage to shore) and time (in competition, this usually means about half an hour per heat).

Now if you're a regular surfer or beachgoer, you won't need many clues as to the kind of clothing, mannerisms and general behavior regarded as successful, or at least acceptable, in surfing circles. If you're not, however, a few hints may help you avoid a certain amount of public embarrassment.

Acceptable attire includes: tatty old boardshorts and a Taiwanese T-shirt emblazoned with a well-known surfboard manufacturer's logo, suitably faded by countless hours of sunlight; jeans matched with similarly emblazoned sweatshirt or ancient woollen jumper, preferably with holes; and bare feet, or at the most, thongs. If you're keen to pass yourself off as a pro surfer, you will slip into a very new tracksuit set off by English running shoes and a compact-disc Walkman strapped to your temples.

Unacceptable are suits of any kind, especially 'Mormon-style skinny-tied numbers worn by people who are tall, pale and eager-looking; patent leather shoes; Bermuda shorts matched with hip little colored sneakers; lawn bowls gear; "sluggos", "cruddies" or other such ridiculously skimpy male-organ-grippers; terry-towelling hats (arrrggh!); or groovy black and red pseudo-Italian inner-city nightclub outfits.

Speech is important, too. The best plan here is either to avoid speaking and just grunt, or have a good read of the surfer's bible, *Tracks*, before hitting the beach, thus picking up on such choice turns of phrase as "radical re-entry", "Geez! Look at that bushpig", or "Let's go down the pub."

A perfect surfer's sentence combines all three ingredients. For example, "Geez, that was a radical reo, let's go down the pub and get a few bushpigs." Not on are lines such as, "Oh my goodness, I must run or I'll miss my bus, Fellowship starts in half an hour," or "I'm sorry, but I really don't understand what anyone sees in being thrown about by a wave on a bit of plastic." Of course, that last one could earn you some kind of award for bravery.

If you're a girl (and God help you if you are, in the happily chauvinistic world of the surf-mad), the idea is to wear either your very best or virtually nothing at all, and to say as little as possible. Surfers aren't keen on sheilas who talk too much.

At all times, you need to be on the lookout for the greatest danger facing any novice surf-watcher: the chance that you might be so enthralled by the whole amazing spectacle of people flying about in, out and around the beauty of the crashing, careening surf that you'll want to race out, buy a surfboard and actually do it yourself. For God's sake, don't. It's far too difficult. There's only one point in your life when you'll have the necessary quantities of mindless eagerness, ability to recover from injury and/or embarrassment and complete disregard for consequence needed for learning to surf, and that's when you're a pre-pubic 10-year-old. Forget it. Stick to chasing the silken-skinned ones on the beach.

And besides, as a part of the crowd, especially at one of those big Grand Prix events, you're hardly useless. Crowds are *vital* to today's professional surfers. They *need* people watching them; how else are they supposed to perform properly? The only time a surfer wishes there was no crowd is as he is leaving the water after a humiliating defeat, while the victor struts coolly up the beach, wondering if that incredible blonde in the carpark is up there somewhere.

Happy surf-watching. And remember: be *cool*.

MERKEL FILMS

THE BOTTOM TURN: ***The bottom turn serves to set up re-entries, cutbacks, snaps, floaters, tube rides and just about any other weird manoeuvre the surfer feels like trying. The bottom turn can cause an entirely different form of setting-up when performed by an attractive female surfer in front of the horny male version.***

GREG BUTTON

THE WIPEOUT: ***This is the terrible fate awaiting even the most brilliant surfer, when the wave finally gets the better of him and employs him, if only for a few moments, as a kind of human ping-pong ball. In competition, this is a definite no-no; even one wipeout can make the difference between a win and a loss. In a normal day's surfing, however, a good wipeout is highly prized for its superb comic value, especially in bigger surf.***

TER SIMONS

THE DROP-IN: ***One of surfing's major crimes. If Johnny Cutback is up and riding and Ronnie Re-entry takes off further along the wave in front of Johnny, then Ronnie is deemed to have dropped in. In competition, this usually results in savage penalties from the judges and a free ride for the grinning Johnny, who is only too happy for Ron to drop in whenever he likes. In everyday surfing, it might result in a blow to the head or a torrent of abuse followed by a sheltering behind big mates.***

MICHAEL McCORMACK

THE TUBE RIDE: ***This is a surfer's great moment of glorious Nirvana, when, as he is crouched well back in the wave's bowels with the lip thundering mercilessly down on the reef, the Meaning of Life suddenly becomes clear. All is one, infinite, perfect, timeless, until the wave picks up the hapless rider and inserts him into a nice deep hole in the reef. When he surfaces, he can't remember anything about Nirvana and paddles back out to lie to his mates about how he made it out the end. A tube ride scores big points in competition.***

BOARD SHORTS

The armory you need to do battle in the surf.

THE, ER, THRUSTER: ***Stop thinking like that! It's disgusting! The thruster has nothing in common with that sort of thing! It's a type of surfboard used by virtually all professional surfers; it has three fins which allow the surfer to build great speed and maintain that speed through turns. In short, it's terrific and just because the inventor of the thruster, a large, friendly Sydney gent by the name of Simon Anderson, has a rather cunning sense of humor, it doesn't mean you should immediately go reading sexual connotations into it. Honest!***

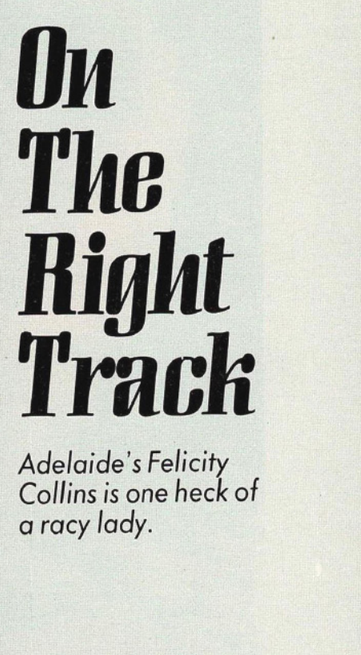
THE STAR-FIN: ***This isn't so much a surfboard as a fin for use on a surfboard, developed by Aussie pro surfer Cheyne Horan from the Ben Lexcen keel on good old*** Australia II. ***Trouble is, it only fits single-fin boards, and since most surfers are into thrusters nowadays, it's been less of a boomer than its makers hoped. No truth in the rumor that a space-shuttle-shaped super-fin is next on the drawing board.***

THE MALIBU: ***Often called a "modern mal" by its ageing disciples and "that bloody monster" by more conventional surfers, the malibu or longboard is an updated version of the huge plank boards of the '60s, designed to appeal to that rapidly growing slice of the surf market, the surfing Dad. The best of the malibu devotees, like former world champ and surf historian Nat Young, are often tempted into sideshow displays at big pro surfing contests, where they are watched with a mixture of fascination and repulsion by today's young slash-and-tear experts. Can be thrilling sights as they charge through crowds in everyday surf sessions, leaving horrified victims grovelling in their wakes.***

THE KNEEBOARD: ***Poor old kneeboarders. Mostly reviled by their stand-up cousins, they are the pariahs of the surfing community. Kneeboarders are forced to hold contests by themselves, well away from the pro surfing arena, and although the good ones are very good indeed, no one ever seems to take them seriously. Kneeboards are short, wide and have round noses, which may explain why.***

THE BODYBOARD: ***This piece of equipment is gaining in popularity, possibly because of the deranged leaders of the bodyboard cult, who use the flimsy slabs of moulded plastic to hurl themselves into the jaws of such horrifying waves as the Banzai Pipeline in Hawaii, which seals their status as both heroes and complete loonies. Most Aussie bodyboarders are young kids ("grommets" in surf talk) whose parents are worried they might be injured if given a sharp fibreglass board to start with. The kids then take the bodyboards and charge into the biggest waves they can find, suffering wipeouts which make more experienced surfers flinch.***

NOTE: ***Legropes are standard on all these items. In theory, the legrope saves the surfer a long swim to the beach after a wipeout, and gives him more time for catching waves — perfect for competition surfing. In practice, it means the take-off area is continually full of people. Great!***



On The Right Track

Adelaide's Felicity Collins is one heck of a racy lady.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

There's a lot happening in Adelaide this October but you won't necessarily find all the action on the Grand Prix circuit. Adelaide is Felicity Collins' home town, you see, and this racy young lady is all set to inject some fire into the sleepy South Australian capital. As a very successful model, grooming instructor and all-round zesty female, Felicity has her feet firmly on the ground and her life on the right track.

Felicity spent her early childhood in New Guinea and returned to Adelaide with her family when she was 12. Since then, her modelling work has taken her to other Australian states and she hopes to travel more in the future. "I'd like to go to the States," she says. "Not necessarily to work but certainly to have a good look around." Meanwhile, Felicity is much in demand in Adelaide for fashion modelling and she teaches several days a week. "I take classes in grooming, clothing, deportment, make-up, all the sorts of things young girls need to know to be successful models. It's very enjoyable work."

Outside working hours, Felicity enjoys cycling and escaping to a reservoir near her home to feed the ducks. "I like to do simple things," she admits. "And Adelaide is a nice, leisurely town. I like the pace here." When we reminded Felicity that things would be moving at a fairly different pace this October, she said, "I think the Grand Prix is a terrific thing for Adelaide. The city's really alive and, would you believe, we even have traffic jams! There's a feeling of excitement in the air." On the subject of men, Felicity deliberated for some time before she came up with a reply. "I really think I'm looking for someone like Indiana Jones!" she giggled. "You know, someone who's a real hero, very masculine, but who has a softness about him, too. I believe that's what most women want." Did you hear that, readers? Start practising with those Indiana Jones whips right this minute.

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: FELICITY COLLINS

BUST: 87cm (35") WAIST: 64cm (25") HIPS: 87cm (35")

HEIGHT: 178cm WEIGHT: 60kg

BIRTH DATE: 18·5·63 SIGN: TAURUS

AMBITIONS: TO OWN A BEAUTIFUL HIDE AWAY IN THE COUNTRY AND AN APARTMENT IN NEW YORK.

TURN-ONS: BEING WITH PEOPLE I LOVE, WALKS IN PRETTY PLACES WITH A YUMMY MAN, FIRESIDES ON WINTRY DAYS

TURN-OFFS: PEOPLE THAT TALK WITH THEIR MOUTHS FULL, WARS, DRUNKS, RACISM AND MIDDLE-AGED PETER-PANS.

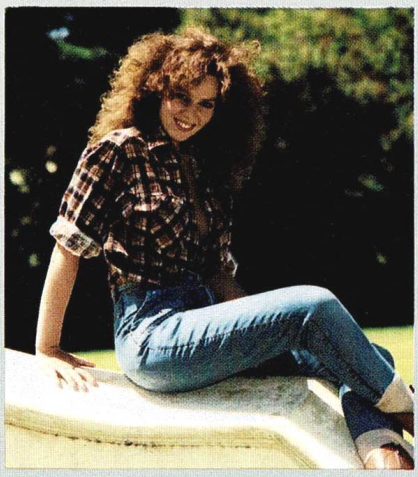
FAVORITE BOOKS: MY FAMILY AND OTHER ANIMALS BY GERALD DURRELL BIRDS, BEASTS AND RELATIVES BY G. DURRELL

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: MARK KNOPFLER, DAVID BOWIE, AL PACINO, CHER CLINT EASTWOOD GOLDIE HAWN

FAVORITE SPORTS: GRID IRON MOTOR RACING.

IDEAL MAN: INDIANA JONES!

SECRET FANTASY: TO BE LOST IN SPACE WITH MY IDEAL MAN.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Three women were enjoying cocktails on the terrace of the local golf club when a gust of wind blew open the door to the men's change-room, exposing a man wearing only a towel over his head and shoulders.

"Well," sighed the first after a thorough appraisal, "he isn't *my* husband."

"He isn't *mine*, either," added the second, her eyes squinting in concentration.

"Of course not, ladies," said the third. "He isn't even a member of the club!"

Bitter rivalry between two single yuppies for the sexual favors of beautiful women had been going on for years.

One day, an angel appeared to one of them and said, "God has sent me to teach you a lesson. I will give you anything you ask for, but whatever you get, your neighbor will get twice as much. If you want wealth, you will be wealthy. But he will be twice as wealthy. If you want a big car, he will have one twice as big."

The young man grinned. "All right, then, give me a woman who weighs 50 kilos and half a marriage licence!"

The man sadly told his wife the grim news. He had cancer and had only six months to live.

"You could make my final days happier," he told her, "by giving me wild, unabandoned sex three times a day until I die."

His wife agreed and she turned into a veritable sexpot, practically raping him three times a day.

A month later, the stricken man returned for a checkup.

"Tom, have you seen another doctor, been taking any miracle drugs or otherwise been doing anything unusual?" the physician inquired.

"My wife's been giving me sex three times a day," Tom replied.

"That must be it," the doctor concluded. "Tom, you are completely cured."

When the elated man told his wife the news, she began to cry.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I can't help thinking," she sobbed. "I could have saved John Wayne!"

"My God, Helen!" Julie exclaimed as she bumped into her old friend on the street. "You've lost so much weight, I almost didn't recognise you."

"It's my boyfriend," sighed Helen. "He insults me terribly and won't let me eat."

"That's awful!" exclaimed Julie. "Why don't you just dump him?"

"Oh, I'm going to. I just have to lose another few kilos first."

For many centuries a familiar sight in the Middle East was an Arab man crossing the desert on his camel with his wife walking 20 paces behind.

A few months ago, an Australian reporter covering the trouble in the Middle East noticed a man on a camel with his wife walking 20 paces in front.

He raced over with his notebook at the ready.

"Tell me, sir," he began. "Is this women's liberation?"

"No," came the reply. "Land mines."

A titled English gentleman walked into his wife's bedroom and found her in a rather compromising position with the chauffeur, the head gardener and the butler.

"Why, 'ello, 'ello, 'ello," he gasped.

"Darling," his wife protested, sitting up in bed, "aren't you going to say hello to *me*?"

A poor bloke was confined to a wheelchair. He had no arms or legs and survived on a meagre pension. Having saved up for some months, he decided he would treat himself to a visit to a nearby brothel.

A voluptuous, scantily dressed redhead opened the door and looked somewhat taken aback at the sight of this new customer.

"Er, what do you want?" she inquired.

"What do you think I want?" he blurted out.

"But. . . you've got no arms or legs!" she protested.

"Rang the bloody bell, didn't I?" he smirked.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Is there a psychiatrist in the court?"

PAR FOR THE COURSE

With the Oz pro circuit in full swing, it's time to tap the mysteries of golf's irresistible appeal.

THE GOOD NEWS is that you too can play the golf of the gods. You will stand up to the ball, put your best grip on the club, take a determined waggle, a graceful backswing, the club will descend fast and true, down and through, hammering the shit out of the golf ball in the process.

The *thwock!* of contact will crack the air like a gunshot, the ball become a speck against the clouds before swooping for a landing. It will kangaroo hop down the

Sport by **ANTHONY O'GRADY**

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

fairway like a turbo-charged butterfly and come to rest a perfect short iron distance from the flag.

"That'll bring you back!" your playing partner will say, thinking: You bastard, you've just outdriven me by 50 metres!

The bad news is, no one plays perfect, or even good, golf all the time. Unfortunately the golf swing is almost certainly the most complex and unnatural movement of any sport. Its plane of motion is at an awkward angle to the body, neither parallel nor perpendicular to the golfer's stance. Turning the hip a fraction of a second too soon or a few degrees in the wrong direction can send the ball careering out of bounds. A slight misplacement of the thumb can destroy a shot.

And the psychological implications for a golfer going through a patch of poor form can be shattering. He will start worrying about things such as the thickness of his socks, the length of his spikes and the color of his jumper.

To play golf seriously is to recognise innate human imperfection. As Jack Nicklaus says: "Lots of amateurs believe there is a secret to golf and that if only they could discover it, they'd play consistently well forever.

"But they're kidding themselves. Even at my best, I've rarely hit more than six or seven shots in a tournament [*over 72 holes*] exactly as I've planned and visualised them. The rest are misses to some degree. The key to winning at golf isn't perfect striking, but minimising the degree you miss. If you're going to play golf and not let it drive you bananas, you have to accept that the game is imperfectible. And ultimately, you have to accept this fact is a very big part of its appeal."

Because the human body makes for such an imperfect golfing machine, the only way to play consistently well is with repeated practice. Golfers also have an irresistible temptation to tinker with their swing, often to their detriment. Nicklaus had a near three-year horror period recently just after remodelling his swing.

But that's golf for you: like all the best, most tantalising things in life, you can never quite figure what's going to happen.

MENTAL ATTITUDE

Once you have the rudiments of a swing you can tinker with, a host of other factors, under the general heading of Mental Attitude, come into play.

The most correct mental attitude for golf is a zen-like state of total calm, allied with an intense focusing of concentration. Here's what it feels like: ". . . for the first time that day, the pressure wasn't pushing me. It simply left and I felt a great inner calm. I knew what I was trying to do and was doing it and I was enjoying myself for the first time in the round. I've been in that state a few times and it's the greatest feeling you can have in golf."

So said Tom Watson, describing his feelings after sinking a 35-foot putt at the 14th at Pebble Beach, during the final round of the 1982 US Open. Watson went on to win. As he also said, he had a little bit of magic in him that day.

Another golfer to have a little magic plus the right mental attitude was Al Geiberger in the second round of the 1977 Memphis Classic. Geiberger went round the course with a score of 59 and he remains the only man to have broken 60 on a full-length championship course in a recognised tour event. Geiberger recalls that, throughout the round, he felt like he was floating on air, that the club was swinging itself.

In the future, meditation techniques and mental programming could become as essential to a champion's golf game as his putter or driver. As it is, golf is undeniably a game that puts the player in close touch with himself. The more you play, the more you become absorbed by the complex, interlocking, ever fluctuating relationship between mind and body. As that great sage P.G. Wodehouse always maintained, you can tell a lot about the inner workings of a man's soul from the way he plays golf.

Anyone who takes golf seriously will experience elation, suspense, anguish and serenity, culminating in an overwhelming sense of fatalistic inevitability. Not an inconsiderable gamut of emotions for a three to four hour walk.

And most of all, he will learn humility.

FELONY ON THE FAIRWAYS

Time and time again, surveys show golfers are notorious liars when it comes to describing their game. It's par for the course that the sheer difficulty of the game inspires such compensations. I've overheard golfers who couldn't hit the ball 200 metres with a gale behind them talking about how they drove the ball 250 metres all day but couldn't sink a putt.

Even I have been known to exaggerate a bit in the sanctuary of the club-house.

But actual cheating on the golf course is the most heinous felony in the game, and

HOW TO WIN AT GOLF

There's only one way to win at golf, and that's against par. But just to add another pressure glitch to this already difficult game, most of us also match ourselves against other golfers, be it a side bet on the Saturday four ball, or entering matchplay tournaments. The best tactic when it's golfer vs golfer is to realise it's both of you against the golf course and, if you take it steady, there's always the chance your opponent will overreach.

If your opponent is playing to the same plan, gamesmanship might just be called for. The following strategies were confided to me by a champion of some acclaim and I've been assured they do work:

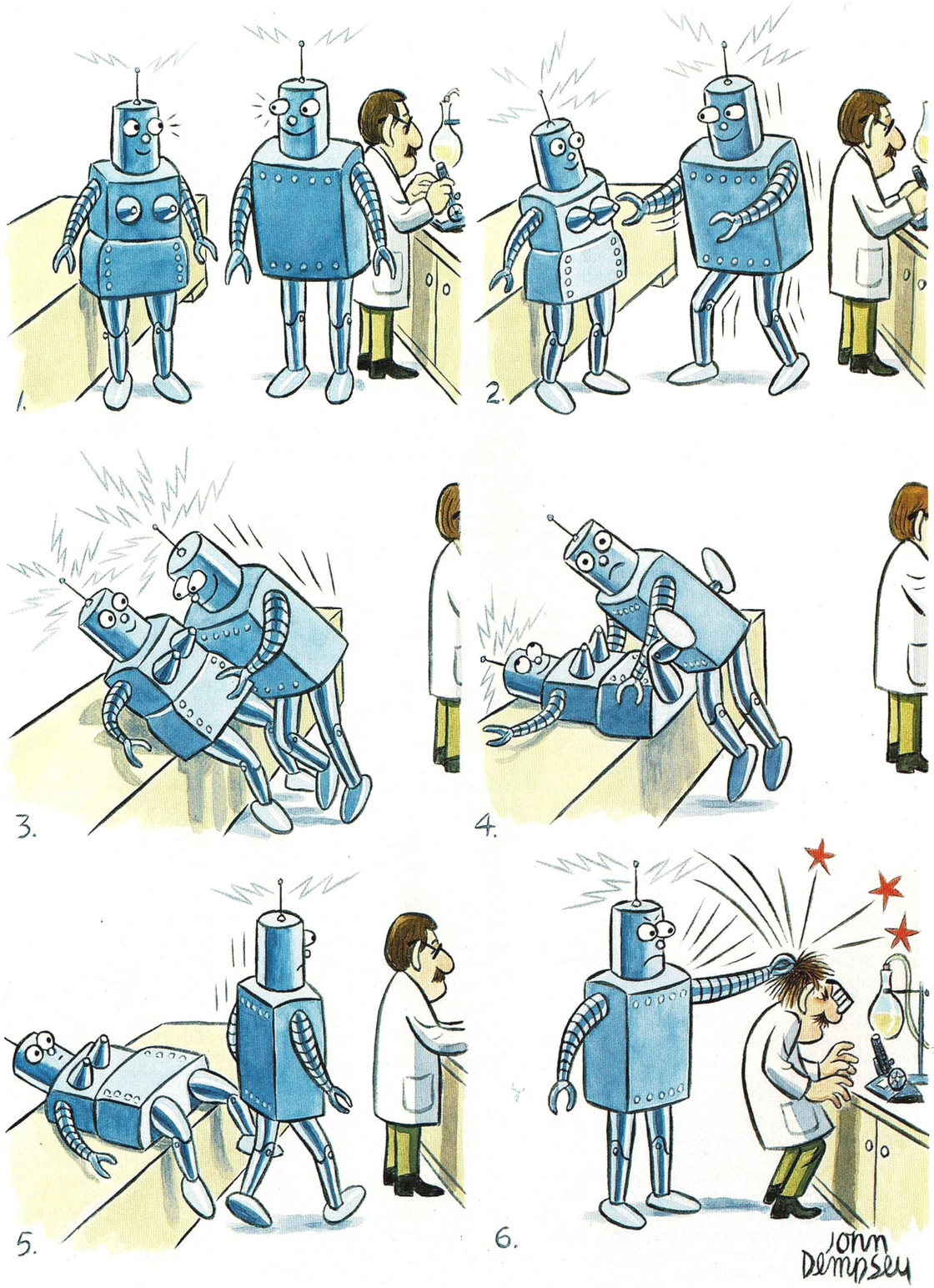
Ploy No 1: **Compliment your opponent. "You're looking fantastic at the top of the swing," you might say. "You're really slotting the club in solid up there," you could enthuse. This gobbledegook is tailor-made to get the victim thinking about his position at the top and nothing, of course, is more liable to result in his blocking, duck-hooking, shanking or cold stone-topping the ball.**

Ploy No 2: **The breath test. Ask your opponent whether he breathes in on the backswing, out on the downswing, or vice-versa. If he's gullible enough to think about it, chances are he'll get so confused, he'll forget how to swing the club.**

Ploy No 3: **Be an Indian giver. Concede putts of two or three feet at the start of your match. Then, when the going gets serious, make the bastard putt everything. He'll hate you for it; you'll love it when he misses.**

Ploy No 4: **Hit 'em when their back's turned. Wait till your opponent is settled over a putt, then query who should be putting first. Ask for a measurement. The most famous and best rewarded instance of this ploy was the 1947 US Open, when Sam Sneed and Lew Worsham were playing off for the title. On the 18th play-off hole, they were tied and both within a few feet of the hole. Sneed was crouched over his putt when Worsham asked for a measurement. Sneed stood back, the distances were measured, it was his putt after all. He settled over the ball again, and missed. Worsham holed out for the championship. Another famous gamesmanship move involved the twinkling of shiny white shoes. According to the South African maestro Bobby Locke, Peter Thomson used such shoes to win a British Open championship. He shuffled them inside Locke's field of vision every time he was trying to make a swing.**

Ploy No 5: **Show no sympathy if your opponent turns up with a miserable cold or a sweating fever; steel yourself to sneer at his discomfort. It's the oldest con job in the world, a ploy to make you overconfident. Thus the saying: beware the sick golfer.**



woe betide the wretch caught doing it. A young British professional was recently banned from the game for 25 years after being found guilty of cheating for the third time. At a club level it can lead to expulsion, cancellation of playing privileges for some months, and a reputation which, like the smell of cat's piss, won't go away.

Many social golfers play "winter rules" or "mulligans", where kicking the ball from behind a tree, not counting an air swing or having shots over are acceptable. It probably makes for a friendly, hassle-free game, but it is not, and never will be, golf.

Neither is burglary, though this is more prevalent, and harder to police. Burglary is the process of attaining a handicap higher than your true form, which is not revealed until the all important club championships, or the Christmas cheer competition, when the year's big prizes are up for grabs. But burglary tends to be self-defeating. The man who squiffs his way to a fudged handicap is likely to pick up some bad habits along the way. Come the time when he wants to win, he's likely to start missing two-foot putts, genuinely.

While burglars are the real sneaks of golf, hustlers are the glamor outlaws, the Sundance Kids of the fairway set. Golf hustlers have an honest skill, which they use deviously, to lure suckers into big bets, at outrageous odds, and pocket the money.

Lee Trevino used to be a golf hustler. His favorite ploy was to skin his victims after taking bets he could beat them, using a soda pop bottle for a driver. He could, too. Eventually, the exacting requirements of successful hustling took their toll and Lee retired, went on tour, and won the US Open.

The heyday of the golf hustler was back in the '30s and '40s, when pro tournament earnings were miserly but golf fairways were clotted with captains of industry who fancied their prowess. In the '30s, Mysterious Montague, a master hustler, took Bing Crosby for many thousands of dollars with a bet he could beat Bing (then playing near-par golf himself) using a rake, a baseball bat and a pool cue.

SWINGING SEX

A movie called *Banning* is sometimes repeated on TV where the golf pro hero, played by Robert Wagner, bounces from sand bunkers to satin sheets with Jill St John. And, just about everyone in *Caddyshack* gets to play their best boudoir shot, too.

But invariably, when *you're* playing your best golf, there's not a nymphette in sight to ooh and aah as you crunch one down the middle. Where are the pert young things clutching their pantyhose as you sink a 20-footer on the 18th to win the match?

The truth is, golf clubs are not exactly renowned for their riotous swingles nights and the life of a handsome young pro on tour is a grim regime of drinking with the boys, night after night, in one chaste motel room after another.

It's symptomatic of the game's sex appeal that many pros, including Bernhard Langer, Greg Norman and Ben Crenshaw, ended up marrying the sort of girl they meet most frequently on the golf circuit — air hostesses.

GAME FOR ANYTHING

A few months ago, drug tests became compulsory for British golfers of representative status. Other countries are sure to follow suit. There wasn't exactly an uproar in the golf world when the tests became compulsory, but there were polite snickers of astonishment.

"If there is any drug that will improve performance at golf," said one British official, "I and thousands of other golfers would like to know what it is."

Golf itself is the drug. The game requires muscle relaxation, so cocaine is out. It demands full attention focus, so ganga won't help. Put it this way, if you want to flex your muscle power in the expectation of landing a connection to sex and/or drugs, try tennis.

If you're ready for full-on mind and body addiction, golf is the game for you.

GOLF AND THE MONEY-GO-ROUND

Sevvy Ballesteros is poised to become the first person ever to win more than $1,000,000 on the European golfing circuit. At the time of writing, Greg Norman is poised to reach the seven-figure mark for a year's work on the US tour.

Norman has also headed the Australia/New Zealand Order Of Merit and the European circuit, but his earnings for placing first Down Under work out to be less than one-tenth of his US dollar earnings. Last year, Peter Thomson won just under $1,000,000 on the US seniors' circuit.

Obviously there's money in golf, but in percentage terms the odds are heavily weighted against a newcomer making even enough to cover expenses. As Tom Watson says: "First you have to learn how to play winning golf over 18 holes. Then you have to learn how to survive a four-round tournament. Then you have to learn how to win over four rounds."

For most, the process takes up to five years after turning pro. Once on the winning trail, however, the gravy train goes on almost forever. But only if you make it in America.

Ozzie Moore placed first in the 1985 Australia/New Zealand Order Of Merit, with winnings of $60,786. Chris Perry placed 111th on the 1985 US Tour Money List with $60,801. David Sheather placed 90th in Australia with $842. In America, being in the same position was worth $86,032 to Pat McGowan.

No wonder Wayne Grady didn't come back to play the Australian circuit last year. He was grimly protecting his US tour player's card, notching up $167,497 in the process.

How does golf money compare to available lucre in other stick 'n' ball sports? Well, Graham Marsh reckons his golf earnings were more than 10 times those of his cricketing brother, Rod. And that was up to the time Rod retired; Graham is still out there on the golf circuit earning big money.

Tennis is a mega money sport of modern times. For the past decade the likes of Bjorn Borg, John McEnroe, Jimmy Connors, Ivan Lendl and, most recently, Boris Becker have had little trouble getting close to or topping the seven-figure mark any year they played the full circuit. By the time he retired at 26, Borg's career earnings stood at close to $6 million. Not bad for an eight-year career, but what does he do for the rest of his life?

After 23 years on the US circuit, Nicklaus's career earnings stand at $5.2 million. Now 46, he's got another 10 to 15 money-making years ahead if he joins the seniors' circuit where, since 1980, Don January's winnings stand at well over a million.

With a pro's earning years stretching from his early twenties into his sixties, golf is more than a shooting-star career, it's a lifetime job. No wonder a 23-year-old called Calvin Peete took a cool look at what Nicklaus was making, bought a second-hand golf club and started practising on a disused baseball field. Ten years later he won his US tour player's card, 10 years further on he's won a million plus.

It's case histories such as that which gladden every golfer's heart. We know that searching for the secret of the game is like trying to find the end of a rainbow. It's pretty nice to know there is a pot of gold along the way.

NINE TO FIVE

Fashion by Vitek

What the well-dressed young executive should be wearing.

On the left, a wool blend suit ($495) and striped shirt ($90) from the Najee Classic Collection. This stylish look is complemented by wide tie ($36) by Najee. On the right, his camel hair jacket ($249) is teamed with checked pants ($108), shirt ($90) and tie ($28), all by Najee.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAMIEN McGRATH

On the left, a classic suit ($950) by Ermenegildo Zegna is teamed with button-down shirt ($87). On the right, a European-cut suit in wool blend ($640) by Masons.

Cotton and wool blend suit ($528) worn with a silk and satin vest ($128), shirt ($150) and collar bar ($32) by Mr John.

Suit ($518) accentuated with pale grey leather tie ($28) and grey suede vest ($240), all by Mr John.

On the left, unstructured blazer ($270) from Yves St Laurent worn with contrasting grey flannel pants ($120) and white shirt ($70). On the right, an unstructured jacket ($170) by Dale achieves a similar look for an economical price. Office furniture from The Design Warehouse.

HIT THE BRAKES!

How the street-smart pro drivers bring their hot wheels to a halt.

COMING TO A STOP with screeching, smoking tyres may look spectacular in episodes of *Knight Rider*, but if it's *your* car causing all the commotion, then there's something wrong with your technique. Pro drivers have coined the term "threshold braking" for what's generally agreed to be the best way to *(continued on page 116)*

Motoring by GARY WITZENBURG

If you own some heavy metal, here's how to haul it down fast. First (as the broad arrow indicates), come down hard on the brake pedal, but only to the place ("the threshold") where you feel your brakes about to lock. Hesitate momentarily, allowing the momentum of the car to transfer weight to the front tyres, then squeeze the brake pedal — but don't pump it (as indicated by the wiggly arrow). It's a great way to come up short.

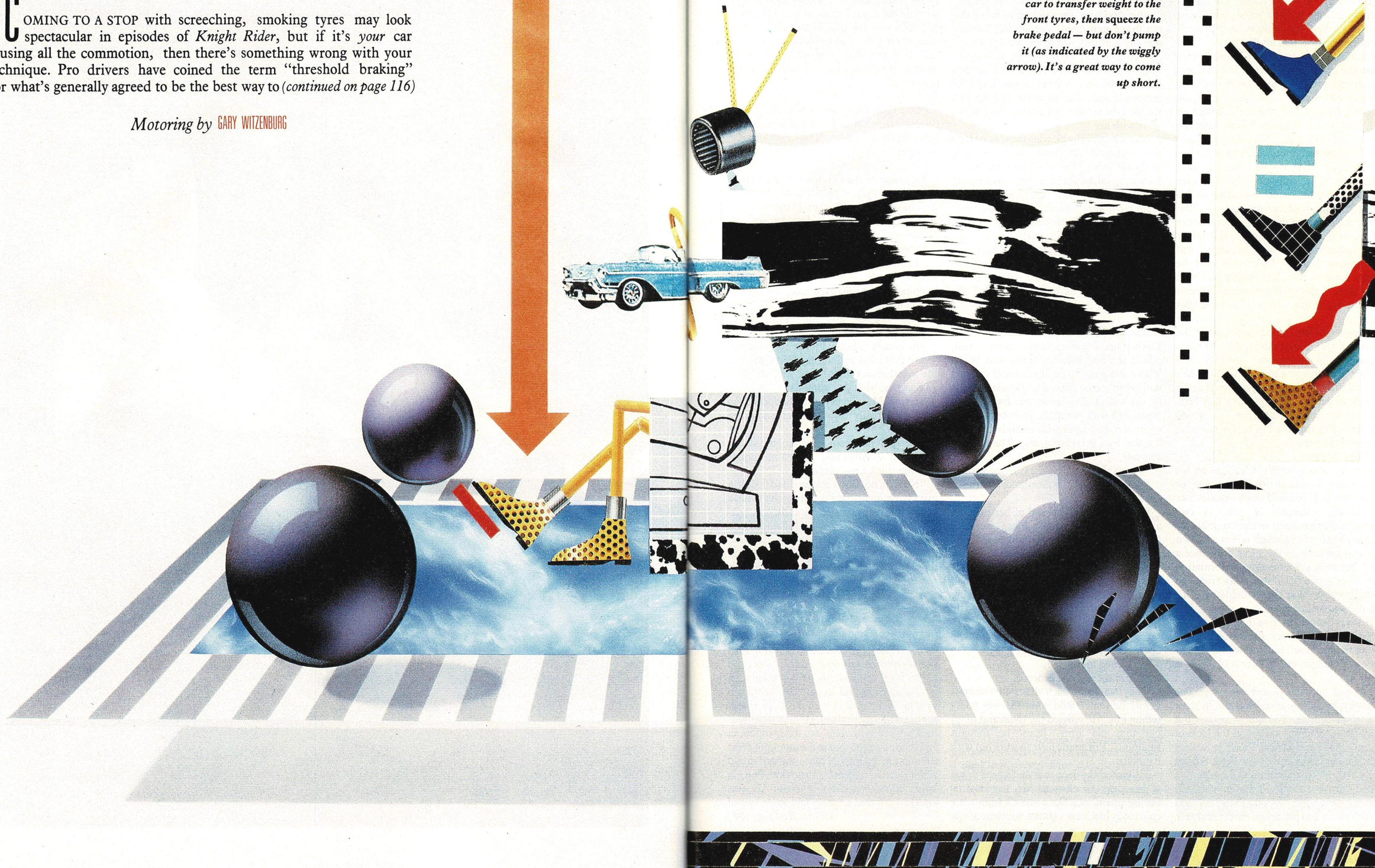


ILLUSTRATION BY MONTXO ALGORA

Prizzi's Family *(continued from page 40)*

. . . he staggered with her into the bedroom, laid her down on the bed, then he laid her.

pause, he moved on. He was probably in the burnout phase now, so she would let it run its course. But in another way, if he wasn't ever going to get the hots for her, it could be a problem. She was going to have to think about how to heat him up.

Charley talked to Maerose three times when she called during the next two weeks to report progress on the apartment. Charley had always liked Maerose in the way the French feel about the queen of England: with a distantly feudal, hopeless fealty and devotion. She was Corrado Prizzi's granddaughter, which made her not only sacred but maybe even a little dangerous. The only time he had ever thought about her before she came into his life as his interior decorator was as the little kid he remembered dropping bags of water on people in the street from the third floor of her father's house, which, to Vincent, was the funniest thing he'd ever seen until she dropped one on him. Her mother had been alive then, Charley remembered, or else Vincent might have lost his head and shot the kid.

Things had developed differently. She wasn't a little kid anymore, and even he was beginning to understand that she was locking her teeth into him, and if he didn't do something about it soon, he would never be able to get her to let go. She had little presents for him. "Jesus, Mae," he would tell her, "I'm supposed to be the one who gives you the presents."

"So? Go ahead."

She gave him a cordless telephone for his terrace and a natural-noises machine for beside his bed. It could make sounds like the ocean, waterfalls or rain in two strengths. She gave him an electronic horse-race analyser, even though it was a known fact that he went to the races only once a year, bet only on sure-thing information and never put a bet down away from the track, because "Let the civilians have it" was the way he saw it.

He was forced to give her a bottle of perfume, but it was the wrong kind. "Whatta you mean, not subtle?" he asked her on the telephone. "Either it smells or it don't."

He had to have lunch with her one Tuesday, because she said she had to show him some fabrics. The lunch worked out okay because he was always on the lookout for new food ideas, and in the little Sicilian joint she found on the Lower West Side in New York, he stumbled on to a menu item called crown of thorns, a nest of spaghetti woven into an open-topped toque that had pointy olives and pimientos embedded in it. He was going to make it for Easter and send it in his mother's name to Father Passanante at the rectory at Santa Grazia di Traghetto.

Five days later, she talked him into going out to the apartment. The job was finished and she said they had to see it together. He had to say yes, even though it was the middle of the afternoon on a working day, because she was insistent about it on the telephone and, after all, if she had finished the job, she rated it to have him look at the work with her.

Mae was actually glowing the way women are supposed to glow when they are pregnant, which she absolutely could not have been on his account. She was wearing something white and filmy, which didn't seem right somehow for a raw November day as they drove through a sleet storm. Riding out in the van with the swivel seats, and the two phones, front and back, the fridge, the stereo TV and the pile carpet, she held a single long-stemmed red rose in her hand. "I should have it in my teeth," she said, "but we couldn't talk."

•

She unlocked the apartment door and threw it open upon the small entrance hall, which she had done in cream and beige. There was a rug in eight shades of caramel and green on the floor. The Japanese prints on the walls had beige-leather frames. The single half wall facing the door held a bowl of brown-and-green-silk orchids made in Taiwan by a Prizzi company. The lighting was soft.

"Is this the right floor?" Charley said.

"Carry me over the threshold, Charley," Mae commanded.

Charley had gone ahead of her into the apartment. "Holy Jesus, Mae," he said. "You really done a terrific thing here."

The old furniture was gone. It had been picked up by the Salvation Army. Brand-new stuff he had never seen in his life had taken its place, all of it in beautiful, living color. "How'd you ever figure out how to do this?"

She was still standing outside the apartment. "Charley?"

He turned to face her.

"Carry me in," she ordered.

They stared at each other for seconds before he understood what she was really telling him. He crossed the room and lifted her into his arms. Jesus, he thought randomly, I'm gonna have to work out with bar bells.

He kicked the door shut and stared down at her face, so close to his, her nostrils flaring in and out like a swan's wings, her enormous black eyes glazed with lust as she stared up at him. So he kissed her and she held him there, arms around his neck. It wasn't so bad was the sensation he got, so, being very healthy and in the prime of his life, he staggered with her into the bedroom, laid her down on the bed, then he laid her.

It was tremendous. It was like being locked in a mailbag with 11 boa constrictors. Several times he thought the whole ceiling had fallen on him. His head came to a point, then it melted suddenly and flopped all over his shoulders and out all over the bed. His toes fell off. Then, when it was over, it hit him what he had done. He had laid a Prizzi and, depending on what attitude she took, what was he going to do about that?

•

"Oh, Charley," she said as they were driving across south Brooklyn to Vincent's house in Bensonhurst. "Poppa is gonna be so happy."

"Happy?"

"A union of the two families who made the whole Prizzi presence in America possible. Corrado Prizzi's granddaughter and the son of his oldest friend, his *consigliere*."

"Union?"

"Let's keep it a secret just a little while longer. Let's live inside this golden happiness for at least a few more days before we tell my father."

"Are you — are you saying we're engaged, Mae?"

She turned to him with her eyes shining. "Isn't that what you wanted? To share one life together, for me to have your children — isn't that what you wanted?"

"Jesus, Mae, everything happened so fast, I can't really think. It's such a new idea to me."

"New? What were you thinking about when you. . . when you. . . took me today? Did you think I was just some —"

"No! No, no. But it happened so fast. I'm just saying, yes — you're right — let's wait a little while before we tell Vincent."

Charley had been living at his father's house on 81st Street in Bensonhurst while the apartment was being decorated. It was the place he thought of as home, where his mother had taught him to cook and to respect the meaning of cleanliness. While he waited for Pop to come home, Charley made baked tomatoes filled with anchovies, minced salami, capers and bread crumbs, and laid out the cylindrical tubes of hard pastry flavored with spice, coffee, cocoa and lemon for the *cannoli*, then filled them with ricotta cheese and sugar flavored with vanilla, so he and Pop could have a light supper while they talked. He kept looking at the clock, then he went into the living room and vacuumed the tops of the mouldings and the picture frames, because the girl could never seem to remember to do that. Pop got home about a quarter to eight. He was knocked out that Charley had made two of

(continued on page 104)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLES PAPAVOINE

SHE'S MY SISTER

Meet Marianna (left) and Antonia (right) and prepare for a double taste treat.

Our beautiful sisters Marianna and Antonia share many things in common but they also have distinctly different personalities. "She's the strong one," laughs Antonia. "Marianna likes to take over. I guess I'm more introverted and relaxed. But we get on very well together. I think our personalities complement each other." Marianna agrees with her sister and says, "I'm a go-getter. I'm always trying to encourage Antonia to be more outspoken and go for what she wants!"

Marianna is enjoying a successful modelling career and hopes to break into movies. Both sisters are taking acting lessons and Antonia has already had some small stage roles. "We're waiting for a producer to cast us in something that requires two sisters!" says Marianna. "We think we'd be perfect for roles like that."

Marianna leads a hectic social life and admits she enjoys seeing lots of men. Antonia, on the other hand, says she would like to find just one special man and settle down with a family. "Marianna laughs at my ideas," she tells us, "but I'm very keen to be a housewife and have several children. I like the idea of a big family and it's going to be great fun to see the expressions on the faces of my grandchildren when I tell them I once appeared in PLAYBOY*!"*

PHOTO BY PHILLIPPE LEDRU

20 QUESTIONS: SIGOURNEY WEAVER

The girl who was saved by the Ghostbusters and fought the Alien and won defends her right to spend more years living dangerously.

Tall, lithe, patrician and frankly great looking, Sigourney Weaver is a thinking man's actor on both stage and screen. She's also not above having a few laughs, whether it means being possessed by Zuul the Gatekeeper in Ghostbusters, or being chased by an evil extra-terrestrial in Alien, the sequel to which, Aliens, will be released by Fox Columbia in Australia in late November.

Weaver had just returned from nearly a year in Europe, with a sassy new hairdo and three completed films (including Aliens), when she met with contributing editor ***David Rensin*** *for this interview session. "Afterwards," says Rensin, "she told newlywed stories. The prognosis: so far so good!"*

1.

PLAYBOY: You've usually played bright, sensible, forthright women. In *Half Moon Street* you play a woman who is a prostitute on the side. Was it good to be bad for a change?

WEAVER: I'm *always* offered roles playing straightforward women with integrity. I have more going on than I've been able to show as an actor. In *Half Moon Street* I could express something that was already there. I still have a long way to go with that. None of the three films I've done this year were particularly funny, but humor is what I'm best at. Even as Lauren in *Half Moon Street*, I'm a call girl with integrity. [*laughs*] But the director was a fairly serious person and so it will probably be a serious film. There aren't too many call girl jokes in it.

2.

PLAYBOY: What's your character's approach to sex?

WEAVER: It's interesting. She understands quite clearly that sex is mental. That's why she doesn't get dolled up for her dates. She just goes there as herself. Personally, I think sex is other things as well, though PhDs are probably more mental than the rest of us. One of the reasons Lauren is good at her job is that she sizes up how to get to a person fast. Then she can arouse them mentally or physically or emotionally, depending on what she thinks would be successful. Money just makes it more interesting for her. If you have to screw a lot of people you don't care about, at least it would help. I certainly didn't find her a perverse character in any way. If that means I'm perverse, so be it.

3.

PLAYBOY: Are the required nude scenes more or less of an issue to actresses these days?

WEAVER: I had to do a nude scene in *One Woman Or Two*, the French film I made with Gerard Depardieu. Having seen the film, it now seems like an invasion of those characters' privacy. In a comedy, you don't want to go into the bedroom with the characters. You want to close the door and leave them to it. But one of the reasons I did it was it was the last day of filming, and I thought, "Well, I have to take off my clothes for the next film. I'd better just see what's it's like." Nudity only becomes a major issue when an actor is asked to do something that they know is artistically stupid. Also, a lot of women are misused in films. You often see them nude, but not men — unless it's a Richard Gere movie. [*laughs*] As for the *idea* of being naked in a film — as an actor you're naked anyway.

4.

PLAYBOY: Is there an advantage for a leading lady to fall in love with her leading man?

WEAVER: I make it very clear to my character, inside of me, that it's all right to fall head over heels in love. I say to that part of myself, "Go. Have fun." But the line between character and reality never gets blurred. I remember Gerard Depardieu said to me in the first couple of days of our film, "You're very much in love with your husband. Good. I'm very much in love with my wife. Now we can really fall in love on screen. We can really be with each other."

5.

PLAYBOY: What surprised you most about marriage?

WEAVER: It's a lot easier than I thought it would be. I expected to have to tell myself every day I must be more unselfish. I figured living alone had made me that way. But in my case it was the reverse. I could really embrace the change because I lived alone longer. I also discovered that Jim was, well. . . terrific. I'll probably get in trouble, bragging in this interview, but he's so much fun. I knew this before marriage, but when your schedules are difficult and you're busy, and under a lot of pressure, you find out more quickly who people are. He's an effortlessly good companion.

6.

PLAYBOY: You did a play called *Beyond Therapy* which was based on two people who found each other through personal ads in the *New York Review Of Books*. Before she got married, how might Sigourney Weaver's ad have read?

WEAVER: [*Laughing*] That's a wonderful question. Okay: "Tall, shy brunette, loaded with degrees, would like to meet smart, happy-go-lucky man. . . in his early seventies. [*laughs*] To go skating at Wolman's Rink."

7.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a most treasured fan letter from a famous person?

WEAVER: I remember something that's similar. I was having trouble getting into Australia for *The Year Of Living Dangerously*, so my agent had to write to about 10 different directors to get their recommendations. I never read them. But I know that Robert Altman and Woody Allen and Bob Benton all sent telegrams saying nice things. I'm sure they didn't spend a lot of time thinking about it, but I was very touched they would take the time to give me a recommendation.

8.

PLAYBOY: What doesn't the press understand about actors?

WEAVER: We're all different. I read something once where Bill Hurt tried to explain about being an artist and trying to remain one. What I respect about Bill is that he's not afraid to sound like an arsehole when he talks about these things. They're important. It's what we're all feeling. Actors are society's creatures. We try to pull something out of people's private places and illuminate it. We're the firebearers. Some of the most intense affairs are between actors and characters. There's a fire in the human heart and we jump into it with the same obsession we have with our lovers. Acting is not, as some think, an attempt not to die. We don't judge it. We just celebrate it all.

9.

PLAYBOY: What qualities should the perfect director have?

WEAVER: I don't think there is such a thing. But a *good* director is someone who chooses people who are good at what they do and allows them to do it. Also, it's nice if a director is prepared. I was lucky this year. I worked with three directors, all of whom had written the scripts they were directing.

10.

PLAYBOY: You spent time on a kibbutz. Why?

WEAVER: I wanted to be Jewish. When I was in college, all my friends were Jewish and they were all very funny. But there weren't really a lot of laughs on the kibbutz. People were working too hard and were too vulnerable. This was in 1970. It was a sober place and very traditional. Women did all the kitchen chores and men were out in the fields. It was much more traditional than I had in mind. I had expected some sort of Utopian community where everyone was equal.

But I was one of only 10 girls, and the rest of them were there to find good, upstanding Israeli husbands. They weren't interested in changing the way the kibbutz ran. I got into a fair amount of trouble trying to do it myself. It was the most boring two months I ever spent. I discovered that Jewishness and Israeliness are different things.

11.

PLAYBOY: What stays with you most about the making of *Aliens*?

WEAVER: The big thing was that I worked with a nine-year-old girl for most of *Aliens*, and I've never had a little friend I saw every day. She was really good company. Our relationship was one of equals, on and off the set. And I was very proud of her at the end. That relationship was probably the focus of the movie, and certainly that changed my notion of what children are about. I used to think they were just *children*. In fact, they're little *people*. You may change and grow but you're basically who you are from early on. The experience also made the thought of having my own kids seem like more fun.

12.

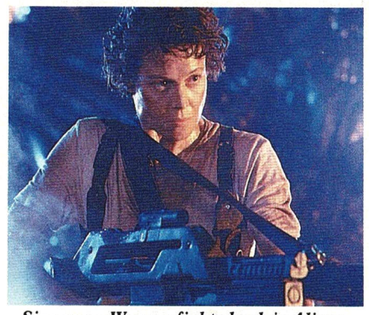
PLAYBOY: Your dad, Pat Weaver, played a crucial role in the early development of TV programming. He created the *Tonight Show* and the *Today Show*; put Spectaculars and Sid Caesar on the air. Do you recall a moment when the realisation of his accomplishment just blew you away — and not because you're his daughter?

WEAVER: I remember exactly. I was at Stanford, taking a course in communications, which frankly bored me. All everyone there was interested in was films and film making. Television was considered "yuck". It wasn't exciting any more. But my father was asked to come up and speak, and within 20 minutes he had galvanised those people into all wanting to be working in television. He reminded them what television was originally there to do. When you hear my father, not only do you get his spark, but you get moved by television's potential. And you get horrified at what's happened to an invention that started out to be potentially such a glorious thing. It's there to wake people up and to give, as he says, the common man the uncommon experience. And now it's just sort of a dead nerve. It just puts people to sleep.

13.

PLAYBOY: Is that why he doesn't work in television today?

WEAVER: Yeah. He even started cable TV 20 years ago, for goodness sakes. [*pauses*] That he's not in control shows that his ideas are still considered dangerous. They involve quality and taking big chances. I'm not saying that someone like Grant Tinker doesn't. He's done a very good job pulling NBC away from what the other networks are doing. Yet I do think it's ironic with all the awards my father receives, he still doesn't have the power. When he describes his vision and ideas, TV executives all go, "Ha, God, that's so exciting." Then they all go home and program the same old stuff. I tried to set up a series of on-camera interviews with my father, with me asking the questions. I would like to record in some form or another what he does as a live speaker. If he tries to write a book, he writes the way he talks, and the sentences go on for pages, you know. But when he's there just standing with his hands in his pockets,



Sigourney Weaver fights back in Aliens.

jingling his change and talking to everybody, he turns everything around.

14.

PLAYBOY: What did you say the last time anyone suggested that your success had something to do with your father's connections?

WEAVER: I never used to mention who my father was when I went for a job, especially in television. The last time it happened was when I was going up for a TV series with James Brooks [*Terms Of Endearment, Mary Tyler Moore*] and Allan Burns: Brooks said, "Still riding on the old man's coat-tails, huh?" I flushed to the bottom of my feet. By that time I had already achieved some success, so the statement mortified me. But it also made me laugh. Brooks didn't do it for real, but it's still something I don't want to hear when I go in for interviews.

15.

PLAYBOY: What should a young girl learn from her mother?

WEAVER: To make her own mistakes.

16.

PLAYBOY: Is your family fairly well-to-do?

WEAVER: My father made a lot of money, but he was still on salary so his fortunes rose and fell with the jobs he took. I never worried about where my next meal was coming from but I didn't feel like part of the rich world.

17.

PLAYBOY: Could you play someone poor?

WEAVER: One of my frustrations is having been somewhat pegged into the rich girl role, and even if they're not all like in *Ghostbusters* and *Eyewitness*, my characters get huge deluxe apartments. It's not the way in which they would live, but I guess they need the room in which to move the camera around. Directors tend to make women in film grander than they are, anyway. They're still caught up with them as glamorous. Usually, they clean women up and make them appetising, an idealised vision which can often be a first wife or a girl they were in love with in high school. I suspect it has happened to me. There isn't a whole lot of curiosity about normal, everyday women, which is a great loss to the public and films and me as an actor. I want to play all kinds of women. I'm an actor. That's my job. Give me the script and I'll see what I can do with it. Don't just write me off as some Grace Kelly type. If I thought I was cut out only to play rich people I'd be so very bored with the prospect.

18.

PLAYBOY: You live in New York, but have spent a good deal of time in Hollywood. Who gives the best parties?

WEAVER: I do. They're children's parties. There's usually a magician or some entertainer. I love people with specialities, like fire-eaters. I've never given a party where people just stand around, drink and talk. I had a Halloween square dance for my birthday. I had a witch for a caller. It was glorious — all these goblins and tigers and ghosts dancing around the room, drunk, laughing, screeching, trying to follow directions: a lot of people who wouldn't normally be thrown together in such a violent manner.

19.

PLAYBOY: You worked with Michael Caine in *Half Moon Street*. Did you get a chance to ask him: "What's it all about. . . Alfie?"

WEAVER: I should have. He works hard but secretly. You don't see it. And he wants to be home for dinner. He wants everybody else to get home for dinner.

20.

PLAYBOY: What's on your bookshelf that no one would suspect is there?

WEAVER: I have three copies of *The Dragons Of Eden*. I like to read about evolution. I don't know if we're evolving up or down. I've thought of developing gills and going swimming. Maybe someday.

There Are Some Places In The Universe You Don't Go Alone.
ALIENS
The New Movie
TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX Presents A BRANDYWINE Production A JAMES CAMERON Film ALIENS SIGOURNEY WEAVER Music by JAMES HORNER
Executive Producers GORDON CARROLL, DAVID GILER and WALTER HILL Based on Characters Created by DAN O'BANNON and RONALD SHUSETT Story by JAMES CAMERON
and DAVID GILER & WALTER HILL Screenplay by JAMES CAMERON Produced by GALE ANNE HURD Directed by JAMES CAMERON Prints by DeLuxe
DOLBY STEREO IN SELECTED THEATRES
READ THE WARNER BOOK
© 1986 TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX
COMMENCES NOVEMBER
AROUND AUSTRALIA AT A HOYTS THEATRE NEAR YOU

DUBBING *(continued from page 53)*

I've never tried to copy a video tape. I can't even figure out how to set my VCR's digital clock.

entertainers should be satisfied with our applause and an occasional free dinner. If they think they deserve more, they ought to pass the hat. When you play a Frank Sinatra album, Frank could come to your house and you could put a dollar in his toupee.

Still, copyright is an important moral principle even if entertainers don't deserve to have important moral principles applied to them. It's wrong to duplicate tapes in your basement and sell them. This turns you into a thief. It also puts you in competition with movie and record producers. In effect it makes you one of them. We all know what kind of people they are. You don't want to be a thief *and* a double-divorced, drug-slathered slime pouch.

But that's not what we're talking about when we talk about home copying. Mozart did not die broke because somebody whistled arias from *The Magic Flute* while walking through the streets of 18th-century Vienna. To pay a performer every time his or her routines are privately copied or repeated beggars reason. The human mind is the original dubbing machine. It records everything in the memory and can reproduce it, with varying quality, at will. Do I owe Whoopi Goldberg five cents every time I think of her and wince?

There is already a proposal afoot in the States to tax VCRs, audio-dubbing decks, blank cassettes, video tapes, etc. This tax would supposedly go to replace royalties lost to home taping. By that logic, paper and ink should have been taxed to compensate illiterate balladeers for their drop in income when mankind learned to read. And 10 percent of Sly Stallone should go to support operas with violent plot lines. Who would get this cash? Would it go to the winsome celebrities who sing, dance, set their hair on fire in Pepsi commercials and otherwise work so hard to bring some idle loitering into our lives? Some of it would. But more would go to corporate executives, lawyers, managers, agents and other people who never amuse anyone.

The electronic gear that makes home copying possible (if not the home copying itself) is a boon to the entertainment industry. There's much more public enthusiasm about movies now than there was five years ago. It's not because the movies are better. Home video provides studios with a new source of profit from successful films and allows productions that failed at the box-office to make money in a second incarnation. The kind of person who builds a home tape library from dubbed rental movies is the kind of person who rents a lot of movies and, in fact, goes to movie theatres more than a healthy, normal person should. And the kind of person who bothers to put his LPs on tape cassettes already had an untreatable addiction to record stores. Entertainment industry executives don't want to kill the goose that laid the golden egg, exactly.

Home copying does, however, raise another philosophical question, and this overshadows law, ethics, morals and everything. I mean, is it worth the bother?

I like to make my own stereo cassettes. I take cuts off various LPs and arrange them to make theme tapes: "Melancholy Drunk", "Waterbed Reptile", "Driving At 160 kays", "Big Fight With My Girlfriend", etc. I get my records out, spread them across the floor, get out a tinnie or two, smoke a joint and then step on an irreplaceable Country Joe And The Fish album. Beer and marijuana do nothing to increase physical co-ordination, or good sense. By the time I've finished making tapes, I've dropped half my record collection and left the other half on top of a hot radiator while I pass out on the couch. What I get for my efforts is a cassette full of songs I heard so many times in the '60s that I never want to hear them again. And these are interrupted by my miscuing the tone arm, bumping into the turntable and fiddling with the output levels to make fancy segues that cut the songs off in mid-chorus. Plus I've recorded everything on some kind of strontium 90 oxide cassette.

I've never tried to copy a video tape. I can't even figure out how to set my VCR's digital clock. It's been flashing SUN 12:00 AM for the two years I've owned it. I finally scotch-taped a sweat sock over the thing so it wouldn't drive me nuts while I was watching *The World Of Nude Badminton*.

I consulted my lawyer, who'd already told me this article was going to get me sent to prison. "Sure," he said, "I know how to do it. That's why I bought two VCRs in the first place, to make tapes for the kids. They'll watch anything. It keeps them quiet." We went over to his house and shooed the kids out of the TV room, which set them to screeching like cheap brake shoes. "We'd better make this quick," said my lawyer, and he grabbed the first tape that came to hand, something called *Bottom-Of-The-Harbor Tax Dodges*. "All you have to do," he said, "is take this cord and plug it into here and take that cord and plug it into there. Or is that the here cord and this the there? No, it's another cord which plugs into here and there both while the first cord plugs into the second machine and the second machine plugs into the TV." He pushed the RECORD button and caused an electronic howl that was as loud as the kids who ran back into the TV room, and howled even louder than that, "You're taping over *He-Man And The Masters Of The Universe*!!!" I left. My lawyer called a couple of hours later and said he got the dubbing set-up to work, but it turns out his kids *won't* watch anything, especially not if it's about tax dodges. My lawyer also informed me it's just as simple to duplicate computer software on to a floppy disc. "Do you want to hear about it?" he asked. No. I don't want to hear about any of this ever again. I don't want to listen to any more garbled cassettes of scratchy old Chiffons 45s. I don't want to see any more *Best Of Bert Newton* on umpteenth generation ¾-inch tape full of glitches and static and visual pickles. And I don't want to play any more computer games. I don't care if they're free. I don't care if you pay me.

It's easier just to rent a new copy of *The Color Purple II — In The Pink* or buy a new cassette of *John Cougar Mellencamp Sings Perry Como*. And it's probably cheaper, too. And I'll tell you what's easier and cheaper than that and more intelligent, besides: go to the public library and take out a book for free. A book requires no equipment to read. You never have to touch its dials. You can take a book through airport metal detectors a hundred times and it won't hurt the quality of the literature. And a book is guaranteed not to contain Matt Dillon in a leading role or any singing wrestlers.

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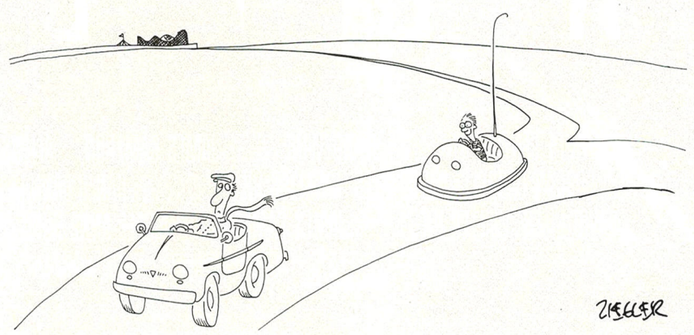


PRIVATE DANCER | Beautiful Ricky Johnson loves to dance the whole night long.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER

Ever since she was five years old and her mother sent her off to ballet classes, Ricky Johnson has been obsessed by dance. "I just love to move!" she laughs. "My mother was a dancer, too, so I guess it's in the genes. I did ballet for 10 years, and a bit of tap dancing, and these days I do a lot of work in chorus lines and nightclub revues." Ricky supplements her dancing work with part-time aerobics instruction. "I really put everyone through their paces!" she told us. "Sometimes the guys have a lot of trouble keeping up with me."

Fitness is obviously important to Ricky and she loves most kinds of sport. "I have tried ice skating, skiing and most water activities," she says. "I enjoy watching any sport that involves rhythm and grace. Precision swimming, competition skating and gymnastics are my favorites." And what does she do when she's not practising her high kicks or working out? "Then I'm working on men!" she giggles. "I love to cook a late supper, then perhaps do a private exotic dance for a man and, then, one thing leads to another. . . I think dance can be a very sensual and erotic experience."

Prizzi's Family *(continued from page 86)*

She had hair like radishes floating in honey and an arse you could play handball on.

his favorites for dinner.

Charley didn't know how to talk about what was happening to him. He couldn't get it together at dinner. Afterward, they went into the parlor with the overstuffed chairs, the lampshades with the long golden fringe, the upright piano his mother used to play and the beer steins lined up all round the room on the shelf that was the ceiling moulding.

"Pop?"

"Yeah?"

"I gotta talk to you."

"Whatsa matta?"

"I been going over it in my head and I can't hardly figure out how it happened, but Maerose thinks her and me is engaged."

"En*gaged*?"

"Like engaged to be married."

"You and Maerose? Well, Jesus. That's terrific. What's the problem?"

"Pop, I — I don't know how — I mean, shit, Pop, one minute we hardly knew each other and the next minute she was saying how happy Vincent and the don are gonna be because we are engaged."

"Whatta you mean, Charley?"

"She decorated my apartment. So today it was finished, so she said we hadda go out and look at it."

"So?"

"So we looked at it. It was terrific. Then she says, 'Carry me across the threshold, Charley.' She was dressed in all white. She had a rose in her hand."

"Like a bride?"

"Yeah. So I lifted her up and carried her across — I closed the door — then I look at her and she's getting all hot, so I don't think, I do what anybody would do, I take her in the bedroom and I — yeah."

"You mean —"

"Yeah."

"'Maerose *Prizzi*?"

"Yeah."

"And now you are wondering why she says you and her is engaged?"

"Pop, listen —"

"What's wrong with being engaged to Corrado Prizzi's granddaughter? You'll inherit the earth! In a coupla years, you'll be boss! Whatta you so edgy about?"

"I don't love her."

"So you'll get to love her. She's lovable! She's gorgeous! She's talented! Tell me something she ain't."

"She ain't the woman for me. I — I'm in love with somebody else."

Pop's jaw dropped. "No kidding?"

"Would I kid you? About a thing as important as this? What am I supposed to do?"

"There are things about Vincent you don't know, Charley. When he was young. Believe me, Vincent can be an animal and he is all fucked up when it comes to honor. There was a guy who Vincent said peed on his honor who went to the movies. He sits in the back row. Vincent grabs the first thing he can find, a hammer, and he goes inna moviehouse. He hits the guy on the head with the claw end of the hammer and it goes right through. Vincent is very touchy when it comes to honor."

"It don't need to come to that."

"The way Vincent is outta his head about honor, that's how the don feels about gratitude, only he calls it disloyalty. If Maerose tells them she is engaged to you, even if she doesn't say anything about how she got engaged to you, then, if you try to say you ain't engaged to her, you're gonna have Vincent on your ass about honor and the don all over you about disloyalty. I don't know which is worse."

"I can't dump my main woman, Pop."

"Who is this woman?"

"She's in the show at the Latino. She thinks I'm a salesman."

"What's her name?"

"Mardell La Tour."

•

Charley didn't remember sleeping much that night, but he felt too weak to get out of bed and read a magazine. His whole life had changed. He was stuck with the two most beautiful women in the time warp. It was as if some science-fiction magazine had pulled him inside. Maerose and Mardell. The don's granddaughter and the showgirl. It was too much, no matter where he looked at it. If Italian-type guys should marry Italian-type women, then he had got himself the most gorgeous, the smartest, the best-connected wop dame since Edda Mussolini. He couldn't think of anything tremendous she didn't have. She had class. She had education, she was so beautiful it made him dizzy, and how she ever learned to do what she could do on a bed, he didn't want to know. Jesus — blue-black hair, eyes like a sex-crazed belly dancer crossed with Albert Einstein and a body that, although it was different from Mardell's, was a body so far beyond his lifetime ambitions for a body that it made him want to adjust his clothing whenever he thought about it.

Worse, sitting inside his cup and making it run over, he thought, was Mardell, a mountain of loving movements. She had hair like radishes floating in honey, an arse you could play handball on, toenails like canoe paddles and golden eyes that were so big and scared that sometimes when he looked at her, he almost burst out crying. He lost himself in Mardell and he saw himself in Maerose. Maybe the Arabs were right with their rules that it was okay to have a couple of wives — but who told the wives? That was the kicker — who told the wives?

•

Charley had to go to Miami to do the job on a South American coke manufacturer's representative named Little Jaimito. Mardell put up a fuss at his leaving, so he took her with him. They had reservations to spend the weekend after he did the work at Disney World.

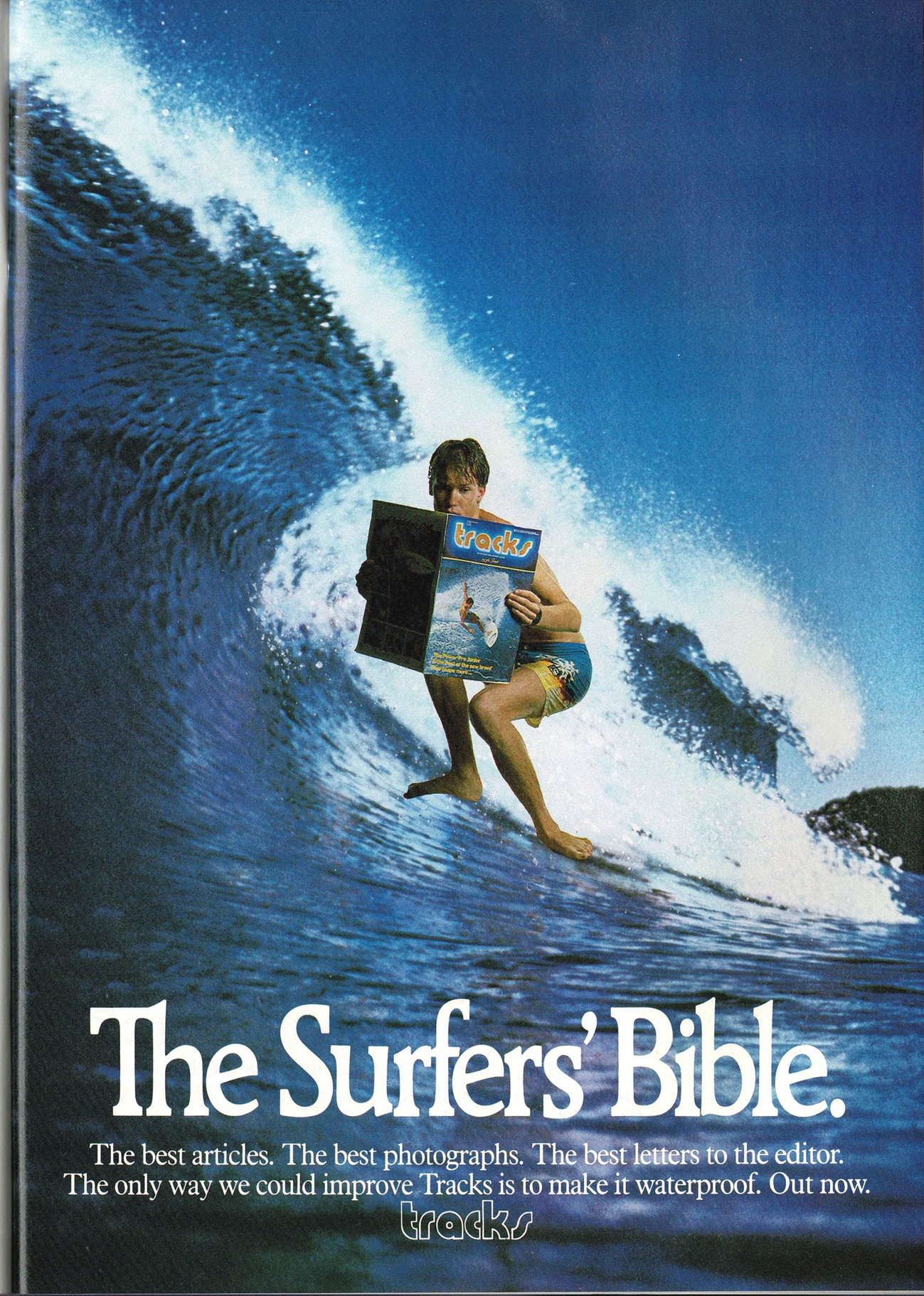
At eight o'clock in the morning, in Miami, Charley installed himself in the penthouse suite of the Bolivar across the hall from Jaimito's apartment: they were the only two apartments on the floor. He changed into a T-shirt and a white jump suit, which was what the hotel's handymen wore, and, at a quarter to 10, sat in a chair and looked through the hole he had bored in the door until Jaimito and his four bodyguards left the suite and went down the hall to the elevator. Charley waited 10 minutes, then he went across the hall and removed the lock from the front door of Jaimito's suite. He replaced it with a remote-control lock and tested it. He went into the suite and put identical locks tied to the same circuit box into the door to the terrace and the only other inside door, which led from the living room to a hall that gave access to the bedrooms.

He hung a DO NOT DISTURB sign on the doorknob, put a gas mask over his nose and mouth, got up on a light aluminium step-ladder and fixed the grenades to each of the chandeliers at either end of the room. They were suspended on release wires that were controlled from his circuit box. When the grenades were released, they would drop to face level and the copper wire would pull the pins, liberating the cyanide gas.

While he worked, the other door opened and a small blonde with black eyebrows came into the room wearing a short nightgown. She was about 19 and very wise-looking. "Whatta you doing up there?" she said sharply. "Why you got that thing on your face?" She walked over beside the ladder and stared up at him.

He kicked her on the point of the chin. He climbed down from the ladder, stripped off her panty hose and used them to tie her hands and feet together behind her back. He dragged her along the bedroom hall to the second bedroom, jammed a big ball of tissue into her mouth to keep her quiet and dumped her in a closet. He returned to the living room and cleaned everything up before he took the DO NOT DISTURB sign off the door and went back to the apartment across the hall at 12.10.

He waited in the apartment across the hall. At 3.20, he could hear Jaimito and his men returning, making Spanish noises like a pet shop in a fire. Charley broke the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electronic connection with the door to the suite that released the lock, so when the goon got there, he said, "Hey, boss, the maid forgot to lock the door."

"You guys go in first," Jaimito said in Spanish.

Charley watched them through the peephole as all five men disappeared into the suite and shut the door. He activated the remote electronic locks on all three doors, securing them. Then he triggered the chandelier mechanism, which dropped the grenades and pulled the pins. He waited 20 minutes, then he slipped the gas mask over his face and went into the apartment. The five bodies were sprawled around the room, on chairs and on the floor. Charley released the lock on the terrace door and opened it wide to let the ocean breeze ventilate the room, so that when the night chambermaid came in to turn the beds down, the air in the room wouldn't make her sick.

He was back at his hotel with Mardell at 6.30. Mardell was preoccupied. Her voice sounded far away.

"Did you have a good day at the office?" she asked.

"Very good."

"A woman called you today."

"Yeah? Who?"

"She said her name was Maerose Prizzi."

He had his back to her.

"She wanted to know what I was doing in your room," Mardell said.

"It must have been some crazy woman."

"She said she was engaged to be married to you."

He turned to face her. "She said that?"

"Yes."

"She had no right to say that. I never said I was engaged to her."

"Who is she, Charley?" Mardell asked as if she were talking over a recipe for a ham sandwich.

"She's the granddaughter of the man I work for. She's much younger than me."

"How much younger? About 20 years? Is she nine, Charley?"

"Listen — I know her all my life. I mean, she's had one of those schoolgirl crushes from away back."

"Then you are not engaged to marry her."

"Engaged? To Maerose Prizzi? Mardell — she's like a *relative* to me." He gave God time to strike him down. "I mean like a second cousin or a kid sister."

Mardell got into bed, took two pills, shaking them out of the vial elaborately, snapped out the light on her night table and lay on her side, facing away from the other side of the bed. "Don't talk to me anymore, Charley."

Charley jammed himself into his pyjamas and stamped off into the living room. He dropped into a chair, lit a big cigar and stared at the racing form. He was a condemned man.

•

Maerose appeared to be looking out the window of her office, which faced a pleasant, landscaped backyard behind the double brownstone her company occupied in Turtle Bay, but she was looking into her mind and seeing Charley. Her face was blank, her eyes were like the Xs in the eyes of a cartoon character after it has been wonked over the head with a fact of life. She couldn't believe it. She had called the Prizzi hotel in Miami Beach, she had asked for Mr Charles A. Partanna and a woman had answered.

"Put him on the phone."

"Mr Partanna is not here."

"Where is he?"

"He's at the office."

It was one of those superior voices. Charley's office! "Who is this?"

"This is Mrs Partanna."

The shock was like an icy sword thrust into Maerose's bowels. "*Missus* Partanna? When did that happen?"

"To whom am I speaking?"

"This is Maerose Prizzi. Please remember that name, so that you can get it right when you tell Mr Partanna I called. I am Mr Partanna's fiancee."

"Listen, Miss Latour," said Mae. "I'm calling from New York or I'd come over and we could both break a couple of chairs over that son-of-a-bitch's head."

It was the broad's turn to take the kick in the head. Maerose could hear her gasp. She could hear her make a light geck sound. "His fiancee?"

"What's your name?"

"Mardell La Tour."

"Listen, Miss La Tour. I'm calling from New York, or else I'd come over there and we could *both* break a couple of chairs over that son-of-a-bitch's head. When do you get back to New York?"

"Monday, I suppose. But, really, Miss Prizzi —"

"You and I will have a little talk. I'll call you."

•

The moment she hung up on Mardell La Tour, Maerose put detectives on Charley. If he continued to two-time her with that woman, she'd break his back.

She knew from her father that Charley was in Miami to handle a problem but he had told the woman that he had to go to an office, not that he would have told her why he was there, no matter what; but the point was, the woman couldn't be in the environment, because any woman in the environment knew that men like Charley didn't have an office when they went to Miami on business matters.

Maerose looked deep into her future and knew that she needed Charley. All her plans depended on Charley. Finding out that he had a woman with him in Miami only made the feeling sharper.

•

Maerose wore flat-heeled shoes and very little make-up to create the little-girl effect for her grandfather. She put on a kilt with a Fraser plaid and a Shetland pullover, then a tartan tam-o'shanter with a chin strap and a big tuft on top. She stared at herself in a full-length mirror and wondered how Scottish transvestites dressed.

The gramophone was playing Vincenzo Bellini's *II Pirata*, a Sicilian story. It was in the middle of the melting cantilena, *Pietosa Al Padre'*, when she entered the don's room. Her grandfather smiled at her and bowed his head but held up a hand to keep her from speaking until the aria was finished. Maerose sat down with her feet held primly together.

The room was a replica of the duke's bedroom from Corrado Prizzi's boyhood. There was hardly a space on the wall that was not covered with a 19th century painting or an aquatint in baroque frame. The furniture was dark, heavy and overstuffed, and everything in the room except the don had fringe on it.

The aria ended. The don stood and opened his arms to her. She rushed into his embrace — but carefully, because he was so small and fragile.

"My beautiful girl," the don said. "Come, you must sit down and have a cookie, my dear."

They sat side by side with a small taboret holding a heaped plate of Sicilian sweets and cookies between them.

"How good it is to see you," the don said.

"I wanted you to be the first to have the news, Grandfather. I haven't even told Poppa yet."

"News?" he said delicately.

"I am going to be married to Charley Partanna."

"Oh! What wonderful news." He clasped his hands before his tiny chest and rolled his eyes heavenward. "The two most perfect young people of my life — a marriage!"

"I have come for your blessing."

"You have my blessing a thousand times, if you are sure this is what you want and that there will be a marriage."

"We are sure, Grandfather."

"Then we must have a big party and make an announcement. Because it is for you — my *fa*vorite granddaughter — it will be the biggest party people have seen for months. At the old Palermo Gardens. Four weeks from now?" He held out his hand and she kissed it. She left the room with wet eyes. On the gramophone, the quintet, and soon the sextet, began to develop with comments from the chorus. It was a beautiful moment. She had nailed Charley to the stage.

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The day after Charley got back to New York, a political situation — namely, the coming election of a new mayor — had presented dangers to Charley. Pop, who had people everywhere, had found out that the reform candidate intended to go on TV, and charge Charley with the murder of a man who was high up in the narcotics business. And then the reform candidate intended to announce that the mayor was a part of the business, too.

So of course Pop insisted that Charley get out of town. He was sent to New Orleans under the protection of Gennaro Fustino, the *capo* who handled Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and southern Arizona, who was married to Don Corrado's baby sister, Birdie.

When Charley got to New Orleans, Maerose called him from New York. She started out cordial.

"Charley? Mae."

He leaped out of the chair and took the call standing to attention. "Hey, Mae!"

"How come you didn't call me?"

"Well — maybe they told you — this was an emergency trip."

"I am not going to wait around until you get back, Charley. I am coming to New Orleans."

"Mae! Wait! Check it with Pop before you make a move. I got a job your Uncle Gennaro wants me to do. I won't have any time to see you — as much as I want to."

"Either this whole thing matters to you or it don't. If you won't come to New York, I'm going there. I talked to that woman you took with you to Miami. I'm gonna make you drop the other shoe. And you know something else?"

"What?"

"I hate big sloppy broads."

"Who?"

"You know who."

"She may be big, but she ain't sloppy. And I'd say the same for you, Mae, if anybody ever said that about you."

She slammed the phone down. He was bewildered. What did he say wrong?

•

Monday at 12 minutes before noon, Charley watched Maerose come off the ramp from the plane at Moissant airport. She was wearing a fitted knee-length red-wool suit with a black-fox collar and cuffs and a zip-front jacket. She wore spike-heeled Italian winkle-picker shoes with long pointed toes. He had never seen her look so gorgeous. She was smiling broadly as she rushed up to him and threw her arms around him. "Jeez, Charley," she said, "we gotta catch up."

"You gotta be the classiest thing ever come into this airport."

On the 11-mile ride back into town, they held hands, but that was all, because the driver was an old friend of Vincent's and he wouldn't stop talking. When they finally got into Charley's hotel room, they both started to talk at the same time, stopped, then Maerose put her arms around his neck, holding on silently. After a while, they kissed.

"What's it gonna be, Charley?"

"Mae — I gotta say it — we ain't engaged. You know that."

"I didn't come all the way down here to have you tell me stuff like that, Charley."

"We gotta get this straightened out."

"Get it straight the right way! You and me were meant for each other. We live the same way, we think the same way." Suddenly, she switched to Sicilian. "We speak the same language, Charley."

He took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. "Yeah. I know. You're right, Mae. But we're talking about a lifetime, so I can't fool around with your life. We have to be sure. Give me two weeks against a lifetime, Mae."

She took him in her arms and pulled him toward the bed.

"That'll never work, Charley. It'll just go on and on. I saw the don. I told him — formally — that you and me are gonna get married."

When they finally got into Charley's hotel room, Maerose put her arms around his neck, holding on silently. After a while, they kissed.

Charley's legs gave way. He dropped into a chair beside the bed. "You told the don *that?*"

"He wants to set a date. And after I give him a date, he wants to give us a big engagement party and bring in the people from most of the families around the country. I gotta tell him whether it's on or off, Charley. That means you gotta tell me."

"Set a *date?* Jesus, Mae —"

"A line has to be drawn, Charley. We can't go on and on like this."

Charley thought of his father and mother. He thought of the don and the family and how he had never lived outside it, because, as far as he was concerned, there was nothing outside the family. If only Mardell were the kind who would take a bundle of cash and forget the whole thing.

"Yeah," he said to Maerose, staring into her eyes. "We gotta set a date."

She kissed him. "It better be settled in your mind, Charley, because by now the don has told a lot of people. Like my father."

•

Two days later, in New York, Maerose ran a finger over the heavy engraving on the parchment paper and drank in the words that glowed like jewels under her eyes.

Mr Vincent Prizzi
of
New York City
announces the engagement
of his daughter
Miss Maerose Amalia Prizzi
to
Mr Charles Amadeo Partanna
son of Mr Angelo Partanna
of New York City

Maerose reread the small card that was an invitation to the reception at the Palermo Gardens. It was the absolute clincher.

She folded one copy of the formal announcement and stuffed it into a heavy cream-colored envelope, then dropped the small card into it. Smiling serenely, she sealed it and addressed it to Miss Mardell La Tour. She stamped the envelope and put it carefully aside in a small drawer of her desk before beginning to address the other envelopes from the long list at her elbow.

•

Four hundred and nine announcements and invitations went into the mail, to a net of 812 guests. All Prizzis, Sesteros and Garrones were included down to the age of 18. When the list was finally approved and all the invitations mailed, 196 tuxedos were sent to dry cleaners around the country, a total of $476,000 was spent on dresses, furs and hair-dos, 83 advance reservations were made for 137 stretch limousines, and travel and airlines customer-relations people felt a strain.

There weren't going to be enough available suites in the three midtown Prizzi-owned hotels, so 27 of the year-round tenants were given free, premature holidays in the Prizzi hotels in Miami, Atlantic City or Las Vegas — the spa of their choice — together with $500 worth of chips. They went out; the guests went in.

Eight judges and three congressmen, feeling sufficiently anonymous in a crowd of that size, had accepted with pleasure. Two Cabinet members, 11 US senators, and the White House sent their wives or secretaries out into the stores in Washington to select suitable engagement presents. In all, 419 invitees spent $405,289 on gifts for the young couple; a future boss of the Prizzi family was going to marry the granddaughter of Corrado Prizzi.

Lieutenant Davey Hanly and the entire borough squad accepted invitations as tokens of the New York Police Department. The mayor of New York personally provided the motorcycle escort to take the bride-to-be and her father to the reception, and he also pledged to her and to her fiance a seven-year lease on a six-room apartment in the new luxury Garden Grove apartments, which were rapidly being constructed in an emerging part of the city, even if it wasn't Brooklyn.

The principal families of the *fratellanza* from across the nation sent contingents. In addition to the more spectacular guests, the third generation of Prizzis, Sesteros and Garrones, the strictly legitimate members of the family, had to be accommodated, because each one of them knew there was no way to get out of attending the engagement party of Maerose Prizzi.

Maerose didn't sleep much. She kept sipping champagne all through the work of planning, so she didn't eat much. She wasn't really physically ready for it when, 10 days before the engagement party was to happen, the people she had following Charley reported that he had gone directly from his New Orleans plane connection to Mardell La Tour's apartment and had been spending every night there.

That really did it. Maerose's wig slipped. She went into a kind of controlled hysteria that pulled her closer to the edge of doing something irreversible.

She couldn't believe the written report that she held in her hands and read over and over. In New Orleans, he had looked her in the eye and renounced the woman. That was how she remembered it. She tried to firm it up in her mind, but now that she thought about it, it was all kind of vague. He had pulled her on to the bed, held her in his arms and said — maybe she was kidding herself, she knew she couldn't remember much after they got into bed. But he knew the engagement was officially announced, because he knew she had told her grandfather, so he should have known that the woman had to be thrown away.

Everybody knew Charley was a goddamn dummy where women were concerned, and she had been willing to make every allowance for that. Her second thoughts were that Charley didn't deserve to live. He had dishonored himself, and by dishonoring her, he had dishonored the Prizzis. She decided the quickest way to have the job done on Charley was to tell her father. She knew her father. He would get out a contract on Charley. Charley wouldn't last two days after she finished massaging her father, but even while she was thinking that way, she knew she couldn't let anybody give it to Charley. If her plan to take over the Prizzi family was going to work, she needed Charley. Charley was her ticket to the whole thing.

But if he resisted her about Mardell, would he also resist her plans for her future? Damn!

Motorcycle cops of the escort were talking together on the street in front of Vincent's house when Charley got out of the stretched car and went up the walk to the house. They were waiting for him. The front door opened and they were all dressed to go. Maerose was dressed more beautifully than even she had ever been dressed in her life, or maybe it was because he had never seen her wearing this kind of long dress with all the bare everywhere and the hair like a helmet. Charley kissed Mae on the cheek. She stayed hanging there after he finished, as if she were waiting for something more. They went out to the car. Both men were wearing tuxedos like a couple of waiters.

Maerose sat between the men inside the enormous tonneau and listened to Charley's silence, interpreting it as indifference. It was the biggest night of their lives so far and she was getting no vibes from Charley, just cold waves. She knew she hadn't won. She would be standing there for the rest of her life with an armful of cold fish.

There was time to think. Her contingency plan was flexible. Maerose stared at her dreams: having Charley, running the legit operation, dominating the family across the board, from the street side to the board rooms — with Charley at her side. But if she could not swing Charley over to her side, then she could also have overrated the ease with which she could take over the Prizzi family. The one thing naturally followed the other. The first thing was the absolute measure of the second. If she went along with what was set up for them tonight, none of it was *ever* going to work, and nothing could be more clear than that.

She was going to have to move right away to get herself off the hook. It was going to total a lot of people. Her father would go out of his mind. When she did what she had to do, it would bring a lot of punishment down on her, but she had time on her side. All she had to do was watch and wait and after a little while, her grandfather would let her back into the family and she could move

ahead on getting what she wanted with some alternative plan.

•

The enormous room was arranged so all the guests were seated at large tables on three sides of the dance floor. The table of honor, where Maerose and Charley sat with the don, Aunt Amalia, Vincent, Father Passanante, Angelo Partanna and Eduardo, was at the centre of the room. Over all of it, banquet room and dance floor, hung three large chandeliers from which were festooned crepe-paper ribbons of red, white and blue from one side of the room and red, white and green from the other. Balloons bobbed against the ceiling in a dozen colors, rising in the warmed air. There was a raised stage with two alternating orchestras: the four-piece band of musicians who were traditional fixtures at all Prizzi affairs and a modern, 11-piece group that provided music of more current interest (up to 1955). Along two of the walls were long, two-tiered tables that held heaped platters of salads, antipastos, cold cuts and sandwiches; mountains of tiny macaroni and *farfelline;* piles of *salciccia* and banks of pastries and ice cream. On the third wall, there was a bar where the extra men congregated. There were six bottles of two colors of wine on each table. At the tables on either side of the table of honor sat the representatives of the families and one row removed from the dance floor were the statesmen, conglomerate heads and prelates, including the papal nuncio. All the men, except the prelates, wore tuxedos. The women were dressed merely spectacularly. The clergy wore scarlet or purple soutanes. On each wall hung enormous sepia portraits: Arturo Toscanini, Pope Pius XII, Enrico Caruso and Richard M. Nixon in heavy gold frames.

Maerose began the evening by clamoring so loudly for champagne that Vincent felt she was making it necessary for him to order at least a token glass of champagne for everyone in the room, which he resented bitterly and which necessitated hurried telephone calls followed by the rushed dispatching of large trucks from warehouses. Mae refused food. She was getting drunk. Charley kept asking her, then telling her, to take it easy. She said, "You want me to sit at this table or you want me to roam around and make a coupla new friends?"

During one dance with Charley, she began — by mussing the hair of other women and occasionally goosing the men.

"Mae, fahcrissake! Whatta you doing?" Charley said, locking in a fixed smile.

"Whatta you mean? I'm celebrating. We're gonna get married, remember?"

Charley was on the dance floor with Julia Fustino, Gennaro's daughter-in-law, who had helped entertain them in New Orleans. She was a terrific dancer. Maerose began to behave like a jealous woman. She kept calling out to Charley from her table. "How come you don't dance with the old bags, Charley? How come you go straight for the gorgeous women?" or (very loudly) "Hey, Charley — come on! This is your engagement party, not an orgy," and "Come on, Charley, drag her into a telephone booth and get it over with, why doncha?"

Gradually, conversations at tables near the dance floor stopped altogether as the guests watched Maerose and little else.

Charlie and Julia were dancing a sedate fox trot when Mae lurched out of her chair and grabbed Julia's arm, pulling her away from Charley. "I saw that, you son-of-a-bitch!" she yelled, and whacked Charley across the chops. There was one great gasp from a few hundred throats and no gasps were greater or more horrified than the gasps from the centre table directly on the dance floor.

Maerose pushed Charley away and half staggered to the bar, where a line of young men had been drinking and watching the dancing. She grabbed a tall, dark one and pulled him onto the dance floor, where she went into as lascivious a dance as either

She pulled him on to the dance floor, where she went into as lascivious a dance as his father, who took a large gross out of porn, had ever seen.

Vincent or his father, who took a large gross out of pornography, had ever seen. Vincent was trying on a case of apoplexy. The don looked as if he were going to turn her into stone. Only Father Passanante at the main table seemed to be enjoying watching the dance. After one turn around the dance floor, which Eduardo said could have got her pregnant, as Charley came forward from having returned Julia Fustino to her table, Mae threw her arms around the young man, socked her hips violently into his hips and kissed him passionately. Vincent rushed out on to the floor, got there ahead of Charley and pried the two of them apart.

He grabbed her arms and began to pull her toward the door and said, "We're going home."

She jerked her arm loose. "Go home, Poppa," she said. "It's past your bedtime." She grabbed the young man's arm and pulled him away. She yelled at everyone, "In your hat and over your ears," and sprinted out of the Palermo Gardens, pulling the young man along behind her. They disappeared from the room. Nobody knew what to say. Then, all of a sudden, everyone knew what to say.

Hitting the outside pavement, dragging the young man, Maerose yelled, "Zingo!"

The driver broke away from a knot of drivers. "Yes, miss?"

"Get me out of here. Where's the car?"

Zingo ran to the illegally parked limousine, four feet from the entrance, and backed it up in front of Mae. She got into the car and pulled the man in behind her.

As the limousine pulled away, Charley and Vincent came running out of the building.

"What the hell is this?" Vincent said. "Did somebody put something in her drink?"

"Holy shit," Charley said. He wasn't sure what had happened, but he knew Mae had made her move and that he didn't want it that way. She had got him off the hook, but she had fallen into the soup. It was bad enough the way it had been, but who needed this?

He couldn't figure out what to do except to let her sober up, then take her out to Vegas and marry her and stay away until the whole thing blew over.

He knew she hadn't been any drunker than Father Passanante, who didn't drink. She had set the whole thing up because she thought he wanted to get off the hook but that he didn't know how to do it. He knew one thing: it was never going to blow over with Vincent. As far as Vincent was concerned, she had dishonored him in front of the most important people on the planet. She was dead where he was concerned.

"I am ashamed in front of you, Charley," Vincent was saying. "She spit on all of us." He was so shaken he spoke in Sicilian. "She ain't my daughter no more."

"Come on, Vincent. It's cold. We gotta go inside."

"How we gonna face all them people?"

"We're Prizzis, Vincent. That's enough for them. We found that out tonight."

When they got back to the table, Pop wasn't there. They took their seats. Charley began a conversation about the Mets. Eduardo talked with Father Passanante about the stock market. Vincent took three pills. Don Corrado remembered, aloud and in close detail, some wild boar he had eaten years before on a trip with his wife.

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Charley sat in the don's room in the don's house the next morning at 11.20. He looked into the don's tiny, cold eyes. "What will happen to her?"

"Her father must be considered. He was wronged in front of all those people. The family was wronged. She will be taken care of, but she must be banished from Brooklyn. What I am asking you to understand is that she will be banished from the family — and you are a part of the family. She is banished from you. She banished herself from you."

"I understand, *padrino.*"

"Have a cookie, Charley. Have a nice cup of coffee. Now, tell me about how you handled Little Jaimito in Miami."

McCLELLAND

(continued from page 37)

Most people took my decision to mean, "You shouldn't close down A Touch Of Class. It's a good brothel."

as I was leaving England. I said a few harsh things about her. She drove me mad. Just imagine yourself. . . alone for a couple of months sitting in a hotel room, looking at television and seeing this woman night after night, haughty, mock-aristocratic elocutionist's voice talking tough and waiting for the miners to be starved out. I formed a loathing for her. She's made the rich richer, created more unemployed and more poor. There are nauseating pockets of affluence in the middle of all that misery in England. And talking about third worlds, the North — and that starts on the outskirts of London — the North is a third world country already.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Ronald Reagan?

McCLELLAND: Reagan's a clown in my book.

PLAYBOY: Then why is he so popular at home?

McCLELLAND: Because the Americans are such a simple-minded people. They are the most naive people in the world.

PLAYBOY: Are you impressed by Gorbachev?

McCLELLAND: I am. So far I am. And I abhor this present tendency, which of course is prevalent in America, to write off anything that is said by Russian leaders as being deceptive. The notion that they want a war is absolute bullshit. Why would they want a war? The old blokes, you know the Brezhnevs and the Kruschevs, were all reared in the shadow of Stalin and they were sort of oriental despots. I don't mean that I regard Gorbachev as a sweet and gentle little man that anybody can push around. You don't get to the top in the Soviet Union if you're that sort of man. But I've got high hopes for him.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss the Bench?

McCLELLAND: No, I was not a natural lawyer. I was not sufficiently interested. I don't want to decry the amount of expertise that goes into being a good lawyer. For instance, no matter how much I may loathe a man like Barwick, and I do loathe him for all sorts of reasons, he was a remarkable virtuoso. To hear him argue a matter gave one an almost sensuous pleasure. But I was never really interested in the law and I didn't become a lawyer in the true sense until I went on the Bench, when I had to apply myself to a totally new field or else make a public fool of myself. I had to be able to hold my own in debate with the outstanding people they used to send to my court to argue. As you can imagine, for $100 million developments they don't send idiots.

PLAYBOY: The representatives of these $100 million companies are very highly paid. In fact, legal costs strike the layman as appalling, horrific. Do you think they are?

McCLELLAND: Yes, I do.

PLAYBOY: Can they be justified?

McCLELLAND: No, I don't think they can. You see, it's also a matter of prestige to the client. When a bloke like Murdoch or Packer or Holmes a Court goes to court, and in the nature of their way of life they are constantly in court, they get a sort of frisson of self-importance out of having to pay a barrister $5000 per day.

PLAYBOY: A bit like an expensive mistress.

McCLELLAND: That's right!

PLAYBOY: It was probably ironic that your time on the Bench may be best remembered for your decision regarding the most famous brothel in Australia.

McCLELLAND: Yes, that is ironic. The council issued an order for A Touch Of Class to be closed down, but I said it was not in breach of the ordinance controlling the area. My decision did not mean, as most people took it to mean, "No, you shouldn't close down A Touch Of Class, it's a good brothel." It was though, I'm told.

PLAYBOY: You didn't have to do an on-site

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inspection, we would hope?

McCLELLAND: No, I just had to get what they call "a view". As a matter of fact a lot of people accused me of having a free pass for life because I kept them open for five years and otherwise they would have been closed. If you were to ask me where my sympathies lay, I would say that nobody is ever going to put an end to prostitution. You can make it unlawful but it's much harder to make it unpopular. And if you are going to have prostitution, it might as well be in well-conducted premises, rather than out on the streets.

PLAYBOY: Should they be licensed under the umbrella of the government?

McCLELLAND: I think so. As a matter of fact what they should really have is co-operatives. They should take all the exploitation out of it. There shouldn't be a house that gets 40% and the workers there only get 60% percent.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of decriminalisation, should marijuana be included?

McCLELLAND: Absolutely. Marijuana, God Almighty! It's just absurd that you can drink yourself to death and yet you can be prosecuted for smoking a joint. The idea of a man getting 20 years jail for importing cannabis resin strikes me as fantastic, absurd.

PLAYBOY: Have you "turned on"?

McCLELLAND: Sure I have. It did nothing for me.

PLAYBOY: Your wife, Gillian Appleton, has been quoted as saying you don't believe fidelity is an essential ingredient for a happy marriage.

McCLELLAND: Well, I think that civility is much more important than fidelity.

PLAYBOY: She then went on to say, "Jim doesn't know how anyone can live together for 60 years and be monogamous." It still holds true?

McCLELLAND: Actually such a proposition is bewildering to me.

PLAYBOY: We presume you practise what you preach.

McCLELLAND: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Does that cause strains in your personal life?

McCLELLAND: Infidelity is not the cause of all the upheavals that people imagine. A man who is totally faithful to his wife and comes home drunk every night and beats her up is a much greater monster than the one who might sneak off every now and then on the side with his secretary.

PLAYBOY: You're a successful, attractive man and you're obviously appealing to women.

McCLELLAND: A bit over the hill now. But let me tell you something on that. I read a wonderful piece recently about a man of 85, looking longingly at a voluptuous woman at a party, saying to his mate, "If only I was 70 again." That gave me heart.

PLAYBOY: You were reported to be amused, even flattered by the Diamond Jim sketch in the ABC's *Gillies Report*. Other people have been less than pleased about their inclusion, and some have launched defamation actions. Do you think our defamation laws are too harsh, too restrictive?

McCLELLAND: Absolutely. They're a discouragement to public comment. You should be able to go a lot further with public figures. I think the old Harry Truman maxim, if you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen, applies to public men. Politicians above all are not entitled to touchiness. They can stand up there under privilege and defame and tell lies about anyone but the moment anybody suggests in print that they're not demigods, they want to sue. They talk about the amounts Hawke has gouged out of newspapers over the years and yet when he goes into Parliament he becomes the most popular prime minister ever. How could it be said that anything that was ever published about him had damaged his reputation? Oh no, they're a joke, the defamation laws, and the politicians and the defamation lawyers want to keep it like that.

Nobody is ever going to put an end to prostitution. And if you are going to have it, it might as well be in well-conducted premises rather than on the streets.

PLAYBOY: What's your scenario for Australia's immediate political future?

McCLELLAND: We are in for a bumpy economic ride. If things get bad enough there could be a Labor split with Hawke wanting to take a more conservative line and there is even a possibility that there could be some sort of coalition government.

PLAYBOY: Will John Howard lead the Liberal Party at the next election?

McCLELLAND: Yes, I believe he will.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Peacock will have any chance of getting up again?

McCLELLAND: No.

PLAYBOY: Even if Howard is defeated?

McCLELLAND: No, I don't think he'll make it. I think that if they suffer a bad defeat next time they might try and import some new talent. They've been talking about this Elliott, but I don't think he's interested in being prime minister. He's just interested in being a multi-millionaire.

PLAYBOY: Who would be the next natural Labor prime minister after Hawke? Keating?

McCLELLAND: You would think it'd be Keating but that would depend largely upon what happens to the internal ferment that is even now occurring inside the ranks of the Labor Party.

PLAYBOY: Who would be Keating's main competitors?

McCLELLAND: There's nobody on the Left who could get the numbers.

PLAYBOY: Has Bill Hayden done his dash?

McCLELLAND: I think so and I think Bill would think so.

PLAYBOY: Has he abandoned all aspirations?

McCLELLAND: I strongly think he has. But you never know.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Bill Hayden could have led the Labor Party to victory?

McCLELLAND: I think he would have won.

PLAYBOY: Would he have been a better Labor prime minister than Hawke?

McCLELLAND: Yes, he would, sure he would. He's a better man and a more intelligent man than Hawke.

PLAYBOY: And you think affairs would have been better managed?

McCLELLAND: Yes, I think they would. He lacked nothing in terms of economic management skills, in fact he's much better equipped than Hawke. Bob doesn't know anything about the economy. He's just reading the script that he's given.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of somebody like a Wilson [*Iron Bar*] Tuckey? Is he a healthy phenomenon?

McCLELLAND: No, but you'll always get one of them. In the American Congress you'll always get a hayseed, you know, a neanderthal type.

PLAYBOY: Well, what about Michael [*Mouth from the South*] Hodgeman?

McCLELLAND: He's an ear-bashing bore.

PLAYBOY: Ian Sinclair?

McCLELLAND: I suppose he's the archetype of the cynical survivor at all costs. No, I've got nothing but contempt for Sinclair.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Mick Young still has the same effective position in Parliament that he had in the past?

McCLELLAND: No, that's one of the terrible things that has happened in Canberra. The wowserisation of Canberra. All the colorful figures have become teetotal joggers.

PLAYBOY: It's depressing. Haven't they got Kim Beazley on a slimming regime now?

McCLELLAND: Oh Christ, I suppose the next thing will be moral rearmament for the lot of them.

PLAYBOY: Is Andrew Peacock a capable politician?

McCLELLAND: No, Andrew's really quite a colorless figure. He represents the state of mind in Australian politics that considered it almost inevitable that the conservatives would win an election. All you needed was somebody presentable. If that was your front man, he didn't have to know anything about it, there'd be some smart boys behind the scenes who would run the show for him.

PLAYBOY: Would you be available for another government-appointed job?

McCLELLAND: Might be, but I haven't got the time. In any event I'm sure I've burned my bridges. I'm persona non grata with most of the people in power in Australia today.

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GIRLS'

(continued from page 51)

tape is fully rewound, so you don't miss Shirley Bassey's unforgettable rendition of the title song, over graphics that might remind you why they were called the swinging '60s.

14. ***The Thomas Crown Affair***. Chess as Steve McQueen and Faye Dunaway play it is sexy enough to replace wrestling on late-night TV.

15. ***Butch Cassidy And The Sundance Kid***. This may be the only movie ever made in which Robert Redford, as Sundance, is an actual sex object — and Katharine Ross is willing. Lucky girl.

16. ***The Beguiled***. Boy, is this one weird. Clint Eastwood is a Yankee soldier trapped behind enemy lines in a Southern girls' school during the Civil War. Clint creates quite a stir among the belles, and succeeds in ringing several of them, before Geraldine Page decides to cut off his leg. Cut off his *leg*? I told you it was weird.

17. ***Coming Home***. Why do you think they called it that? The love scene between Jon Voight and Jane Fonda should be required viewing for every red-blooded male. It proves once and for all you don't need a gun to have fun.

18. ***Don't Look Now***. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland look like they're really doing it. Some say they were. Which explains the title: it's what Julie said when she saw the rushes.

19. ***An Officer And A Gentleman***. When it comes to sex, Debra Winger is on top of her subject. And when Richard Gere arrives to rescue Debra from that smelly old paper mill and take her up where she belongs, it's a Cinderella finish that's better than Disney.

20. ***The Hunger***. In one of the hottest opening sequences on film, David Bowie and Catherine Deneuve play vampires who stalk their prey in a Manhattan nightclub and lure them to their country house for the ultimate seduction. After that it gets nasty, Bowie ages 200 years at a clip and turns into a toadstool, and you might want to turn it off.

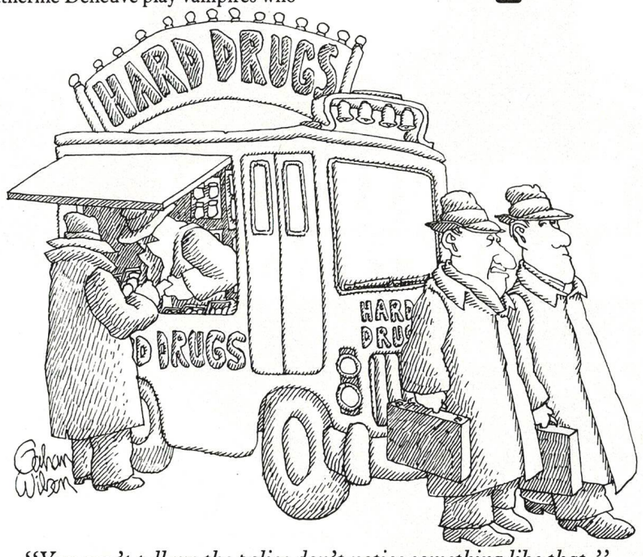
21. ***Reckless***. Aidan Quinn has discovered one of the secrets of on-screen sexuality: he kisses with his mouth open. His detractors have accused him of being an imitation Brando, McQueen, and Dean. I say, what could be bad?

22. ***Footloose***. Rumor has it that Kevin Bacon's pre-screentest haircut for this role cost upwards of 1000 smackers; studio executives had complained he wasn't, and I quote from a reliable source, "fuckable" enough. If so, it was worth every penny.

23. ***Cal***. The ultimate younger-man-older-woman movie. John Lynch as Cal doesn't mean to turn Helen Mirren's husband into a human vegetable. Nor does he mean to go to bed with her afterwards. He just can't help it, and neither can she. It's that kind of movie.

24. ***Thief Of Hearts***. What if somebody made all your secret fantasies come true? That's exactly what Steven Bauer does for Barbara Williams. Only problem is, he's also the crook who burglarised her bedroom and stole her diaries. Since I saw this, I've been leaving my window open, nights.

25. ***The Year Of Living Dangerously***. Sigourney Weaver and Mel (sigh!) Gibson live it up dangerously in Jakarta amidst tropical cloudbursts, roadblocks bristling with Uzis, bloodthirsty mobs bent on destroying the foreign devils, and loud, clangy, atonal music. When Mel starts batting his baby-blues, it doesn't even matter that he loses one of them by the end of the movie. Any woman who says she wouldn't change places with Sigourney should have her eyes examined.



"You can't tell me the police don't notice something like that."

HIT THE BRAKES!

(continued from page 85)

bring a car to a halt in a hurry. The trick is to keep all four wheels rolling so the front ones steer while the rear ones follow. Say you're about to barge into the rear end of a stalled semi. Don't stomp on the brakes, locking them up. Instead, *squeeze* them on, quickly and firmly. Use the ball of your foot, as it's the most sensitive part. Once into the meat of the pedal's travel (beyond the slack), there's a point past which one or more tyres start to slide. Find this point, then massage the brake pedal, "tickle" it.

Former race car driver Skip Barber, who now heads his own racing school, explains it this way: "The key is modulation of braking pressure, keeping the wheels rolling to maintain steering, but just at the threshold of lock-up. Back off a little if a wheel starts to lock; push a little harder if you're short of the threshold."

To find that threshold, open your senses to what your car is telling you: if the steering goes light and mushy, your front wheels are locking. If the back end swings out of line, your rear tyres are sliding. You can also hear tyres starting to slide even before they scream in pain. When you do, back off a bit or you'll grind them flat in a cloud of smoke.

"Your tyres have only so much traction," Barber reminds us, "so you have to relax braking pressure a bit to steer around something you'd like to avoid. And remember, modulation means backing off just a little, not a lot. It is *not* pumping the brakes, as you might on ice."

Someday, threshold braking may not be necessary if all cars come equipped with the electronic anti-locking brake system (ABS) that's standard on some new Mercedes-Benz models and optional on certain types of BMW.

With ABS, a computer senses when any wheel is about to lock up and slide because of hard braking. It then instantly sends a signal to the brake on that wheel to release a little pressure so that it will keep turning. Thus, in an ABS-equipped car, no wheel can ever lock up no matter how slick the surface or how hard you stand on the brake pedal. But threshold braking — essentially acting as your own ABS — is the next best thing. Find a safe place to practise and work on your technique.

Finally, when all else fails and you know that you can't avoid a collision with an immovable object, Barber points out, "You might as well turn the wheel the way you want to go and let off the brakes completely at the last second." It may sound crazy, but it works because as soon as you release braking pressure, the front tyres will regain traction and steer the car abruptly whichever way they're pointed. Use this technique to take on the ditch or a guardrail instead of that hulking big semi.

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

In your advice column I noticed that even now after seven years of Australian PLAYBOY men are still really neurotic about the size of their penis. I would just like to let a few of them know that they should worry about QUALITY, not QUANTITY. One of the best (and I mean the best*) lovers I ever had the good fortune to meet was all of 10cm when fully erect. I'm glad I've never had the misfortune to meet a man with such a silly hang-up.*

— Q.S., W.A.

I hope your letter will reassure some of the troubled readers who write to me about such "silly hang-ups". It constantly surprises me just how many men do have these concerns, even men who know they are extremely competent and much appreciated lovers. Sometimes I despair of ever meeting a male who's comfortable with the way he is made. So come on, guys, cheer me up. Those of you who aren't concerned about penis size, write to me to reassure me that some of you know it's not such a big deal!

For almost two and a half years now I've had hundreds of tiny bumps (similar to "goose bumps") scattered over my penis and scrotum (but not the head). I don't know how they got there. I'm 17 and still a virgin and am very embarrassed about them. I've been waiting for them to go, but they just won't. I am too embarrassed to see a doctor so the name of any suitable ointment or whatever from a chemist, or any other treatment, would be greatly appreciated.

— S.C., NSW.

The tiny little bumps you describe are sebaceous glands, small mucus-secreting glands designed to nourish the skin. They are perfectly normal. Many people have them in various parts of the body: on the face, on the back and they are particularly common on the scrotum and on the shaft of the penis (in women they often appear around the nipples). If you have suddenly noticed them, they probably became more obvious as a result of the hormonal changes which took place during puberty and may well settle down once you reach your twenties. But rest assured, all men do have sebaceous glands — it's just that they are more obvious in some men than others. You certainly don't need to worry about them; they are not a sign of any sort of disease or medical problem.

THE WETS AND THE DRYS

Have you ever read one of those neat little books on sex which summarise the changes men and women are supposed to go through during their sexual response cycle? You know the sort of thing: "After approximately three minutes of stimulation her nipples become erect, the walls of her vagina begin to sweat providing lubrication, the clitoris grows, etc." Well, if you have, you may have wondered why it doesn't work out like that for you. The trouble with those generalised descriptions of arousal is they rule out all the differences between us, the individual patterns of response that make us all sexual individuals, not to mention the changes we all notice in our response from time to time and day to day.

Lubrication, for example, usually occurs

as an early sign of arousal and, unless we are wet, it's a fair bet we are not ready for intercourse. Otherwise, intercourse is likely to be painful — a dry penis moving inside a dry vagina isn't much fun — and certainly is unlikely to lead to orgasm. (No, it's not good enough to reach for the Vaseline. If you are interested in the woman's pleasure, it's a mistake to simply substitute artificial lubricant for natural process; working out how to arouse her properly is far more important.)

But having said that, I'm sure every woman reading this will be aware that lubrication doesn't always magically appear when we start to become aroused. It varies. Sometimes we'll suddenly be really wet, positively flooded, sometimes it takes a hell of a long time to get things going even when we are feeling quite aroused.

So while it makes sense to avoid artificial lubricants until you have done everything possible to set the natural juices flowing, sometimes it just doesn't work so well, and then a tube of KY Jelly or a bottle of baby oil can help things along nicely. There's something about the feeling of a nice slippery penis which sometimes help the natural lubrication process, so it's not always such a bad idea provided it doesn't become a habit.

You see, there are also times when women tend to have more difficulty producing normal lubrication, eg during or near our periods, when we have, or are recovering from, various vaginal infections. For some women the contraceptive pill can interfere with lubrication and some women find medication such as anti-histamines dries up not only colds and hay fever but their vaginas as well. Then there are various medical conditions which affect lubrication: some urinary infections and inflammations of the lubricating glands. If you are using condoms or spermicidal creams, you may find these have a drying effect. Finally, for post-menopausal women, the fact that their bodies are no longer producing oestrogen (a hormone which is crucial to the lubrication process) frequently means the vagina is drier and less lubricated — one of the many reasons why women in that age group may need hormonal therapy.

Just as there are women who don't seem to have enough, there are others who suffer from an excess of lubrication. Sure, it needn't be a problem — a wet vagina can make things very slippery indeed but by using positions for intercourse which keep you firmly wedged together, you can maximise stimulation and avoid unexpected disconnections.

There *are* medical conditions causing excessive lubrication. Once again, vaginal infections can be at fault. Another possible cause of trouble is abnormalities of the Bartholin or Skene's glands, or glands on the cervix, glands which normally contribute only slightly to vaginal lubrication. Some contraceptive pills can also cause excess lubrication — usually the oestrogen-predominant varieties. Watch out for other drugs (ie cholinergics) which can also cause this complaint.

SHARING FEMALE SECRETS

For those of you who went to a co-educational school, perhaps you remember the time when the girls in your class were whisked away for a little talk about "becoming a woman".

At least that is what happened when I was a girl and it appals me to discover that in

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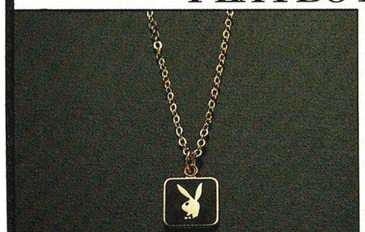

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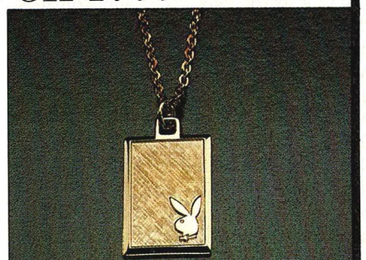

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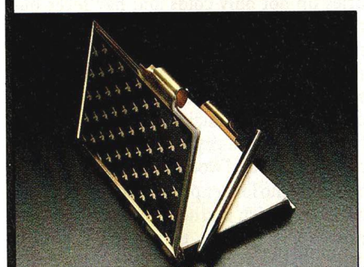

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many schools it all still goes on. Girls-only lectures are given on menstruation, leaving the males ignorant and embarrassed about a perfectly natural function that is very much part of the life of any woman they may end up living with or marrying.

Given the taboos which still surround the subject, it's no wonder women are still embarrassed buying tampons or menstrual pads in chemists. We wait until there are no males around and desperately hope we'll be served by a female rather than a male. We stuff our tampon boxes under the cornflakes in the supermarket trolleys and never dream of asking our husbands or lovers to pick up a packet for us. Sure, not all of us behave like this — but many still do.

A recently published survey conducted by researchers from Sydney University — Suzanne Abraham, Derek Llewellyn Jones plus other colleagues — shows that even today many girls are ignorant and embarrassed about menstruation and about the use of different types of menstrual protection, particularly tampons.

If girls are ignorant, even after their little talks from mothers and from the schools, no wonder males are even more confused. And since attitudes to menstruation and menstrual protection can reveal a great deal about female sexual attitudes, it's worth letting you in on a few secrets about this hidden female subject.

The Sydney University research was actually about the type of menstrual protection the girls used — tampons or pads. In case you've never really taken a close look at what's hidden in the bathroom cabinet, menstrual pads are those wads of soft padding which are held beneath the vulva (external genitals) either by special sticky tape attached to the knickers or sometimes using a special belt. They come in all shapes and sizes from tiny minipads for days when "the flow is light", as they so delicately put it, to far thicker, wider pads for heavy days.

Now pads are gradually going out of fashion. They are often uncomfortable — walking around with a wad of material between one's legs can feel most peculiar, like being too long on a horse. They are a pain to get rid of. They are not supposed to be put down the loo (they clog up the system) and when a girl is away from home, normally she has to put them in special disposal units or waste baskets situated in the public loos or in the bathroom just outside. It's all pretty embarrassing because women don't always carry paper bags to wrap them in and one does feel self-conscious disposing of the things. It's even worse visiting and having to ask the hostess for something to wrap them in before putting them in the garbage.

So when tampons were introduced, many women leapt on them with glee. Tampons are those small rolls of highly absorbent material with strings attached which are inserted into the vagina. The advantages of

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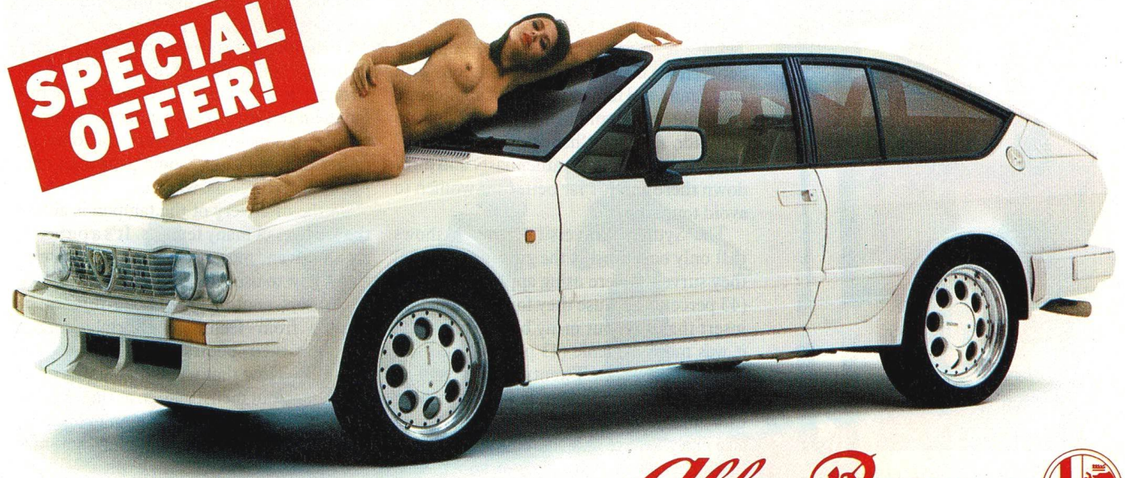

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SOLO STAR AND GENESIS FRONT MAN **PHIL COLLINS** SAYS YOU DON'T REQUIRE A JACKET TO REACH THE TOP.

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tampons are that they are more comfortable (they can't be felt at all when they are correctly inserted), more hygienic and easier to dispose of (they can be flushed down most loos), easier to carry around in a handbag and, provided they are changed frequently, they offer better protection and fewer leakages. Yes, we *do* worry about leakages. I'm sure every woman has had the awful experience of being out, all dressed up, and suddenly she feels that suspicious wetness spreading on her white skirt!

What's interesting now is that while most women end up using tampons, the women still using menstrual pads are *usually* the women who are least comfortable about their bodies, more ignorant and often least comfortable with sexuality. That doesn't apply so much to older women who were raised in an era where such things were never discussed — they simply never touched themselves "down there". Such inhibitions tend to hang around a long time. But sex therapists have found it's very useful to ask women about their form of menstrual protection because often the younger women still using menstrual pads are the women most likely to be experiencing sexual difficulties. Women who are uncomfortable about touching themselves and inserting tampons are often inhibited or anxious about sex and unable to relax when their partners are caressing parts of their bodies they still feel are taboo.

Actually there is a middle road. A woman can insert a tampon without touching her genitals, by using a tampon with an applicator (a cardboard cover with a plunger to insert the enclosed tampon). There's a fascinating little battle going on between the manufacturers of tampons with applicators and tampons without applicators with the pro-applicator lobby trying to persuade through "hands-off cleanliness" campaigns that it's all rather nasty and dirty down there and it's far better for women to avoid touching it.

The Sydney University research shows that only one-third of the girls (aged 14-19) they surveyed were using applicators, some (43 percent) because they found it easier to insert that way, but many because they felt it was more hygienic (43 percent) and less messy (7 percent). Twenty-one percent of the women said they tried to avoid touching themselves. These "hands-off" women are also likely to have sexual inhibitions. If a girl thinks her genitals are dirty or unhygienic, she is hardly likely to relax and enjoy it if her lover wants to touch her "down there".

Many of the girls had not been told anything about tampons by their mothers, who had usually only told their daughters about menstrual pads. This is the other fascinating aspect of the tampon story, the fact that many mothers are nervous of introducing their daughters to tampons because of concerns that they may damage their virginity (ie the hymen) or that touching themselves each month will lead them to discover their sexuality, an event many mothers hope to postpone as long as possible.

As far as the virginity question is concerned, it is true that the use of tampons probably helps stretch the hymen in many girls. But the point is that the hymen (the thin layer of skin across the vaginal opening) is often broken, missing or perforated by the time a girl reaches adolescence. Hymens aren't designed to seal the vagina, they are built rather like Swiss cheese with varying sized holes to let out the menstrual blood and normal vaginal discharges. (If they are completely intact, this is soon discovered when a girl starts to menstruate and the trapped blood swells, causing discomfort.)

So when a woman inserts a tampon, in theory she can simply slide it into one of the holes which already exist — hence the manufacturers claim that it has no effect on virginity. However, since most girls do have trouble inserting tampons, particularly initially, and tend to use a rather hit or miss approach to get them in, in the end most hymens end up broken or considerably stretched through regular tampon usage. Of course this actually has nothing to do with virginity or chastity — a girl is a virgin until her first experience of intercourse, tampons or no tampons. But what it means is that it is far less likely that girls today who use tampons will end up experiencing pain on first intercourse. They are more experienced with handling their bodies, with relaxing and allowing an object (such as a tampon, or a penis) to enter the vagina and ultimately they are far more likely to enjoy their early sexual experiences.

Girls who try to use tampons and have difficulty inserting them may have a stronger hymen. In this case it's far better for them to pay a visit to a doctor who can simply and painlessly dilate the opening rather than wait until some poor man tries painfully to force his way in.

So the discovery of the tampon is aiding the sex lives of many females. It's a pity girls aren't given more adequate information about how to use tampons properly and that advertisers continue to try to discourage women from feeling comfortable about touching their bodies by inserting them naturally. Now that women aren't quite as ignorant about menstruation as they used to be, perhaps it's time we let men in on a few of these secrets. Keeping men ignorant about how women's bodies work has simply created barriers to real intimacy between couples. Well-informed men can help women learn to accept and enjoy their bodies — and their sexuality.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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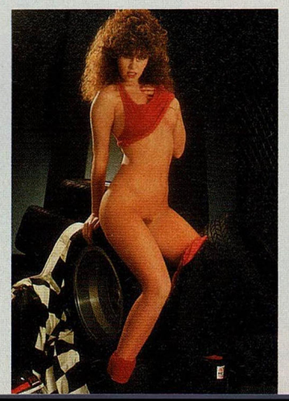
RIGHT ON, REBEKKA!

Rebekka Armstrong is a very unusual female. Just ask her mum!

Beautiful Rebekka Armstrong reckons her mother knew she was going to be an unusual child. "That's why she gave me such an unusual first name," she tells us. Rebekka's mother was dead right. Even at the age of nine, her daughter was the local motocross racing champ! By the time she was 12, the racing officials wouldn't let little Miss Armstrong compete against girls. In those days she wore boots, an old T-shirt and jeans. "Something hit me when I was 15," Rebekka recalls, "and I decided to become more feminine." From what we can see, Rebekka, things haven't looked back since.

Rebekka no longer races bikes but she admits her life still moves in the fast lane. And that includes men. "I prefer aggressive males," she says. "Not so aggressive they paw you all night. I mean a guy who's open, who doesn't beat around the bush. I like a down-to-earth guy in a four-wheel drive." Rebekka admits she also adores being pampered and she likes nothing better than spending hours getting ready for a big date. "I'll make sure every strand of hair is perfect. When I go out, I like to look like a walking hors-d'oeuvre. Good enough to eat!" Pause. Now, what could we possibly say to that?

There's a lot happening in Adelaide this October but you won't necessarily find all the action on the Grand Prix circuit. Adelaide is Felicity Collins' home town, you see, and this racy young lady is all set to inject some fire into the sleepy South Australian capital. As a very successful model, grooming instructor and all-round zesty female, Felicity has her feet firmly on the ground and her life on the right track.



Felicity spent her early childhood in New Guinea and returned to Adelaide with her family when she was 12. Since then, her modelling work has taken her to other Australian states and she hopes to travel more in the future. "I'd like to go to the States," she says. "Not necessarily to work but certainly to have a good look around." Meanwhile, Felicity is much in demand in Adelaide for fashion modelling and she teaches several days a week. "I take classes in grooming, clothing, deportment, make-up, all the sorts of things young girls need to know to be successful models. It's very enjoyable work."

Ever since she was five years old and her mother sent her off to ballet classes, Ricky Johnson has been obsessed by dance. "I just love to move!" she laughs. "My mother was a dancer, too, so I guess it's in the genes. I did ballet for 10 years, and a bit of tap dancing, and these days I do a lot of work in chorus lines and nightclub revues." Ricky supplements her dancing work with part-time aerobics instruction. "I really put everyone through their paces!" she told us. "Sometimes the guys have a lot of trouble keeping up with me."

Fitness is obviously important to Ricky and she loves most kinds of sport. "I have tried ice skating, skiing and most water activities," she says. "I enjoy watching any sport that involves rhythm and grace. Precision swimming, competition skating and gymnastics are my favorites." And what does she do when she's not practising her high kicks or working out? "Then I'm working on men!" she giggles. "I love to cook a late supper, then perhaps do a private exotic dance for a man and, then, one thing leads to another. . . I think dance can be a very sensual and erotic experience."

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

I live with a man who is a tender, fantastic lover. We both enjoy oral sex and it is almost always included in our lovemaking. But he says he can't come in my mouth. When he feels himself begin to come, sensation leaves and he gets soft. I'm very careful about my teeth hurting him and we've both tried to get him to relax and enjoy the feeling.

He has no problem coming when we have intercourse — his orgasms are tremendous. He is not circumcised, and we feel that this should make him more sensitive to oral stimulation than he is. He says he has no hang-ups about fellatio and that he does want to come in my mouth. Do you have any suggestions for us?

— C.S., SA.

There are plenty of men and women who find they can only climax in certain situations, with a specific type of stimulation. This doesn't mean there is anything wrong with them or that they are hung up or repressed in any way. When you think about it, there has been an incredible shift in attitudes in recent years. It wasn't so long ago that you were regarded as odd or perverted if you climaxed in anything other than the missionary position for intercourse. And now everyone who finds they have difficulty climaxing in some other way is worried there is something wrong with them.

Don't create a problem by worrying why your boyfriend doesn't climax in oral sex. It may be that he is simply used to intercourse — after all, that nice slippery vagina was made for bringing the penis to orgasm. Then there is the emotional satisfaction of the embrace, the kissing, the closeness of intercourse — it's hardly surprising that this form of lovemaking is so satisfying for so many people.

Oral sex is regarded as a special thrill because it still carries elements of forbidden fruit. It is an activity which is gaining increasing acceptance but because some people still find it wicked or unacceptable means it provides a different sort of sexual pleasure for most of us. Some males find that although they enjoy being fellated, they are still a little uncomfortable, even at a subconscious level, and this prevents them letting go and climaxing in this situation. So what? There is no reason why we should all have to force ourselves to respond in all circumstances or think there's something terribly wrong with us if we don't.

I don't think circumcision is an issue here — there is no real evidence to suggest circumcision affects sensitivity. There are plenty of circumcised *and* uncircumcised men who climax in oral sex and plenty who don't. Stop trying to analyse the situation — just focus on the fact that he enjoys being fellated (if you worry about the climax, you'll ruin his pleasure) and let him experience his tremendous orgasms elsewhere.

When my husband and I separated for 10 months recently I know I was partly to blame. A family tragedy caused me to be temporarily uninterested, even repulsed, by sex. We are back together now and everything is beautiful except for one thing.

I cannot get over the fact that he spent the

10 months of our separation (as well as some time before and some time since) with a woman who must be a nymphomaniac. He just says she's oversexed. I accidentally found out about her after we had got back together and I almost lost my mind before he confessed.

He says she could have orgasms over and over just by sucking his nipples or penis. He also says that if he so much as touched her, she went wild and that he could never give her enough. I asked if he thought they were real orgasms, and he said they definitely were.

I know she has called him at least twice since we've been back together and that she wants him back. He told me that he is very sorry and I know he loves me, but how can I know he won't want her again, or that she will leave him alone? I'm terrified of being compared to her. How can a normal wife compete with someone like that?

I know he also had other affairs but they don't bother me as much as this one. I can and have forgiven him for the past, but how can I be sure that it's all over? I know she doesn't want it to be.

— H.N., WA.

Someone once suggested the definition of a nymphomaniac should be "someone who wants sex more than I do". It certainly sounds as if your husband's lover was an extremely responsive woman but that doesn't mean there was anything wrong with her. There are women with strong sexual appetites who have difficulty achieving sexual satisfaction. They aren't necessarily happier or more desirable than women with less strong sexual needs — indeed, as your husband found, it can place a lot of pressure on a man to feel he has to keep up with such a woman.

It is obvious that your husband loves you and wanted to end the affair with this woman. As you know, there were good reasons why he became involved with her — he was probably feeling rejected by your lack of response at the time of your separation and there's no doubt the affair was good for his ego. However, it obviously wasn't really what he wanted. He wants *you* and is making it very clear that whatever the sexual talents of this lady, they really didn't hold as much appeal.

Now it's up to you to return the love he is offering you, to accept his word that he isn't interested in resuming the affair and work on rejuvenating your own relationship to ensure his contentment. Try not to torment yourself thinking about her sexual tricks — as your husband obviously realises, lovemaking involves a lot more than wild orgasms and heavy breathing. If you are loving and natural and enjoy making love to him, you'll give him just what he wants. Lovemaking isn't a competition. He knows that and obviously prefers sex as part of a normal, loving marital relationship.

My companion and I are both serious joggers. The night before a race, we often indulge in intercourse but he will not ejaculate; he prefers to abstain and "save his energy" for the race. I don't believe this makes any difference at all.

Is he really conserving energy when he abstains from coming? Does my energy level suffer because I have orgasms? Does sex have any effect at all on our performances?

— P.M., NSW.

Not so long ago one of Australia's best known swimming stars was talking about the question of abstinence before the big race. He listed the names of some of our great swimmers who made a practice of

indulging in vigorous sexual exercise before Olympic events — and it obviously didn't do their performance much harm. As he said, the energy involved in luring someone into bed usually far exceeds the energy expended when you finally get there!

It really is a very strange notion that you save energy by avoiding ejaculation. When you think about it, intercourse is such a variable feast involving all sorts of energy expenditure. It depends on who's doing all the puffing and panting, how long it lasts, who's on top, how fit you are — any number of factors. Some years ago someone produced a wonderful little book called *The Dieters' Guide To Weight Loss During Sex* which allocated calories for every conceivable aspect of lovemaking, eg:

Removing clothes	
— with partner's consent	12 calories
— without partner's consent	187 calories
Constantly resisting frustrated partner who is desperately trying to push your head towards sexually sensitive areas	35 calories
Sustaining erection	5 calories
Losing erection	¼ calorie
Searching for it	15 calories

Joking apart, there are all sorts of aspects of sex which may or may not use up energy, and abstaining from ejaculation really isn't going to tip the balance all that much. Your boyfriend is clinging to old-fashioned notions about orgasms sapping the strength. There's no real evidence for this, but it does induce feelings of relaxation — and hence is likely to lead to a good night's sleep (just what you need before a big race). And there actually was research in England some years ago which showed sex prior to athletic events had more positive than negative effects on the athletes concerned. Still, in the end he's the one who has to decide what's best for him when it comes to preparing for such an event and if he feels tense about having sex or ejaculating, then perhaps he's better off without it.

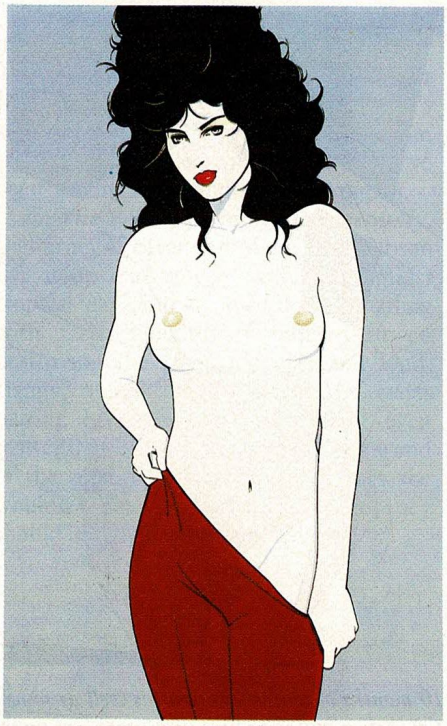
Mine is a rather unusual problem. My wife and I have a most enjoyable sex life, in fact it has got a lot better in recent years since our kids are a little bit older and my wife isn't so tied down and tired. She seems to be enjoying sex a lot more and that brings me to the problem. Now when she reaches orgasm, she makes a lot of noise: she groans and cries out, which really embarrasses me. I worry the neighbors and the kids may hear her (they are now teenagers). She thinks I'm silly to worry but I'd like to know what you think?

— N.C., SA.

Your wife's obviously having a terrific time and it seems a shame she should have to dampen down her response just because the neighbours *may* be embarrassed. You are not the first husband to complain about a noisy wife.

Women do tend to be more vocal about such matters. Don't worry about your children. Hopefully you have given them some basic sex education, explaining what is involved in love-making and including information about the different ways people react during orgasm. Provided they know what is going on, there is no reason why they should be embarrassed that their mother has such an uninhibited enjoyment of sex. (If you have never talked to them about such things, it would be a good idea to buy some good sex education material designed for teenagers, so that they are not left wondering what on earth is happening.)

The best solution would be to plan your accommodation to provide the privacy you need to enjoy uninhibited love-making. If you are planning to move in the near future, why not look for a house where the master bedroom is quite separate from the rest of the bedrooms (and preferably a long way from the nearest neighbors). You could also try sound-proofing your bedroom or else treat yourself to an occasional holiday on your own, even overnight in a city motel. But it's really



not such a problem and plenty of men reading this would gladly swap places with you and would enjoy the neighbors' envious glances.

MALE SURVEY

We are still receiving comments about aspects of the male sexual response following the survey questions published in Australian PLAYBOY, August 1985. This letter contained some interesting observations which have relevance to many points discussed in that column:

I would like to make some general comments about my experiences with regard to the development of sexual response. Firstly I ejaculated by masturbation when 12 years old without knowing what I was doing. Of course I immediately recognised what happened (it was in daylight) and it was a momentous thrill. I couldn't wait to repeat the experience which I then continued daily and often four or five times daily. However I soon began to feel more and more guilt and resolved that I would have to stop. I never managed it — I think my record was three weeks on one occasion. I probably developed premature ejaculation because I shared a bedroom with my brothers and was always worried about being detected, though in fact I loved my self-pleasuring and always experimented and tried to make it last as long as possible when I had the opportunity.

During this time I thought I was the weakest willed and dirtiest kid in the world and when wet dreams (which I knew nothing about) set in I was sure I had ruined myself.

A few times I brought myself off by stimulating my inner thighs or my nipples without touching my erection. I remember trying to will an ejaculation without touching my body or physically stimulating myself other than working my pelvic muscles but I don't remember being successful at this.

The first time I lost an erection was devastating. I was 25 and didn't know about impotence. I had known of the existence of something called impotence which I thought only some old or sick men suffered from. Even then I thought it was a condition where men could not achieve an erection, rather than losing it.

I was lucky. The girl I was with was calm and loving. We were both still virgins and only petting so no performance was expected. My erection returned after 15 or 20 minutes. Nothing has been as shattering as that experience.

What I have learned about erections and ejaculation since that time is that when I am nervous or lacking in confidence, I can't always rely on maintaining an erection or controlling premature ejaculation.

But when I am happy and relaxed or confident with my partner I can go as long as I wish. I also find if we approach sex in a leisurely way, the longer I am able to last. If I have a long session of foreplay I will last for ages. If I hurry the foreplay I probably won't. Generally the longer I take to ejaculate the more strong and intense I can expect the orgasm to be. However, as I've grown older, I'm finding that often what is promising to be a great orgasm falls short. I will be building up very strongly when the trigger seems to fire the first spasm before I've peaked.

My marriage hasn't been very sexually fulfilling as my wife is inorgasmic and often seems to be giving me sex as a duty. Emotions not only affect potency but also ejaculation response. Two or three years after marriage I began to introduce sexual literature and we started educating ourselves to the degree that my wife would accept it. But in the end it made no difference to her acceptance of stimulation and pleasure.

I found that during the most difficult time in our marriage I was having trouble climaxing. This was an unconscious response on my part to her lack of response. I overcame this in the end by closing off my mind from her and

NEXT MONTH

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SOLO STAR AND GENESIS FRONT MAN **PHIL COLLINS** SAYS YOU DON'T REQUIRE A JACKET TO REACH THE TOP.

ROMANCE ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD: HITTING THE HEIGHTS OF ECSTASY IN **TIBET**.

FIRST DATES: SO IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT AND YOU'RE STILL SINGLE. TIME TO FACE THE TERROR OF ANOTHER FIRST DATE.

GOOD ONE, CLAUDIA! FROM A VERY SHY START, OUR DIVINE **MISS NOVEMBER** IS READY TO TAKE ON THE WORLD.

BASE-JUMPING: AUSTRALIA'S MOST DANGEROUS SPORT TAKES OFF.

concentrating as well as I could on my own pleasure. Eventually I was able to give myself to her spiritually as well as physically, which is still the situation, by pretending that she is getting more out of it than she probably is physically, and by the knowledge that she is getting and needing all I'm giving for emotional security.

It's a letter which shows just how important it is to a man, or at least to this man, that love-making should involve two-way pleasure. His difficulties in ejaculating when he knows his wife isn't enjoying sex are just one example of the way a male's response can be affected by a woman's lack of response.

There's a lesson there for the many women who feel that men are interested only in their own pleasure and all they have to do is put up with sex to provide them with satisfaction. My experience is that most men are crying out for a responsive partner and *nothing* is a greater aphrodisiac for the male than to be with a woman who loves sex and shows it!

The comments on the effects of age on intensity or orgasm are intriguing and I would welcome other readers' comments on how their experience has changed with age.

Finally, this reader's early experiences are classic, illustrating how hurried masturbatory experiences can teach a male to come quickly. It makes a good case for parents to try to ensure teenagers have the opportunity for uninterrupted private time to learn about their bodies without feeling guilty and afraid of discovery.

THE WETS AND THE DRYS

Have you ever read one of those neat little books on sex which summarise the changes men and women are supposed to go through during their sexual response cycle? You know the sort of thing: "After approximately three minutes of stimulation her nipples become erect, the walls of her vagina begin to sweat providing lubrication, the clitoris grows, etc." Well, if you have, you may have wondered why it doesn't work out like that for you. The trouble with those generalised descriptions of arousal is they rule out all the differences between us, the individual patterns of response that make us all sexual individuals, not to mention the changes we all notice in our response from time to time and day to day.

Lubrication, for example, usually occurs as an early sign of arousal and, unless we are wet, it's a fair bet we are not ready for intercourse. Otherwise, intercourse is likely to be painful — a dry penis moving inside a dry vagina isn't much fun — and certainly is unlikely to lead to orgasm. (No, it's not good enough to reach for the Vaseline. If you are interested in the woman's pleasure, it's a mistake to simply substitute artificial lubricant for natural process; working out how to arouse her properly is far more important.)

But having said that, I'm sure every woman reading this will be aware that lubrication doesn't always magically appear when we start to become aroused. It varies. Sometimes we'll suddenly be really wet, positively flooded, sometimes it takes a hell of a long time to get things going even when we are feeling quite aroused.

So while it makes sense to avoid artificial lubricants until you have done everything possible to set the natural juices flowing, sometimes it just doesn't work so well, and then a tube of KY Jelly or a bottle of baby oil can help things along nicely. There's something about the feeling of a nice slippery penis which sometimes helps the natural lubrication process, so it's not always such a bad idea provided it doesn't become a habit.

You see, there are also times when women tend to have more difficulty producing normal lubrication, eg during or near our periods, when we have, or are recovering from, various vaginal infections. For some women the contraceptive pill can interfere with lubrication and some women find medication such as anti-histamines dries up not only colds and hay fever but their vaginas as well. Then there are various medical conditions which affect lubrication: some urinary infections and inflammations of the lubricating glands. If you are using condoms or spermicidal creams, you may find these have a drying effect. Finally, for post-menopausal women, the fact that their bodies are no longer producing oestrogen (a hormone which is crucial to the lubrication process) frequently means the vagina is drier and less lubricated — one of the many reasons why women in that age group may need hormonal therapy.

Just as there are women who don't seem to have enough, there are others who suffer from an excess of lubrication. Sure, it needn't be a problem — a wet vagina can make things very slippery indeed but by using positions for intercourse which keep you firmly wedged together, you can maximise stimulation and avoid unexpected disconnections.

There *are* medical conditions causing excessive lubrication. Once again, vaginal infections can be at fault. Another possible cause of trouble is abnormalities of the Bartholin or Skene's glands, or glands on the cervix, glands which normally contribute only slightly to vaginal lubrication. Some contraceptive pills can also cause excess lubrication — usually the oestrogen-predominant varieties. Watch out for other drugs (ie cholinergics) which can also cause this complaint.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.